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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Mr Lyttelton

MR. Oliver Lyttelton's decision to leave politics and to return to the business world had been the cause of speculation for some time and therefore caused no surprise. He was anxious to resume the Chairmanship of the Associated Electrical Industries Ltd but was reluctant to announce his resignation from the Government as long as there was any crisis in the colonies. The announcement of his decision earlier this week is at least official indication that while great problems still remain for the successor, Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd, the worst of the serious colonial troubles are over. He leaves with the Government's gratitude for fulfilling with credit and distinction the heavy obligations placed in his care in 1951. It might be said that Mr Lyttelton has always been an administrator before a politician. A single-minded devotion to the job in hand seemed more important to him than party doctrine. He has been one of Sir Winston Churchill's chief lieutenants and was selected by the war-time Cabinet chiefly for his administrative ability and his renown in the commercial world. He was the author of war-time price controls and clothes rationing and was the first Minister responsible for post-war reconstruction. In the House of Commons he was not regarded as a brilliant speaker but he did earn the reputation of going straight to the point of his subject and dealing with every problem exhaustively. Mr Lyttelton cannot be regarded as an architect of colonial policy. His task was to pursue and improve upon the post-war British policy of bringing constitutional advances to the colonies and if he has been impulsive and hasty in his actions on occasions these have not become permanent blemishes on his record. The Communist menace in Malaya has been reduced to almost negligible proportions. The Mau Mau problem has been dealt with ruthlessly and, despite his harsh and repressive methods, the position in Kenya has obviously improved. Britain has much to thank Oliver Lyttelton for. He will be missed as an able and energetic minister in the Cabinet and one who was renowned for his sincerity and his deep interest in the welfare of the colonial people.

FORMOSA TO GET SABRE JETS

Wanted For Strikes Against Red China

Better Match For MIGs

Washington, July 30.

The United States is sending a shipment of F-86 Sabre jet fighter planes to the Chinese Nationalist Air Force on the island of Formosa, it was authoritatively learned today.

Officials said the jets would be on their way "soon" but they would not say how many or suggest when they would reach the Nationalist stronghold.

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is reported to be alarmed at the evidence of a build-up of a force of Soviet-built MIG fighters at bases along the Mainland across the 100-mile wide Formosa Straits. The Nationalist Air Force has been using some United States F-48 Thunder jets which are no match for the MIG and it is understood they had sought about 150 of the more advanced Sabre jets to increase their hit-and-run raids on the Mainland, shipping and Communist-held islands.

The jet planes would be provided under the provisions of the United States Mutual Security act, which authorised military as well as economic aid to overseas allies.

The activities of the Nationalist planes and the possibility of Communist Chinese retaliation has caused some diplomats here to worry about the prospect of a heavy clash which could spread beyond the opposing forces.

It was noted that in apologising to Britain for shooting down a British airliner off the island of Hainan last Friday, the Chinese Communists said they had mistaken it for a Nationalist plane.

This explanation was not accepted in Washington as the airliner had been plainly marked. It appeared to military men that the Communists were getting more and more "trigger-happy" in their sensitivity to the Nationalist raids and that unless the United States took a determined stand further incidents involving international air traffic over the China Sea would happen.

CRISIS ABATES
This determined stand was evident when two Chinese fighters were shot down by planes from two United States aircraft carriers which had rushed to the Hainan island area to assist in and give protection to the search for the British airliner's survivors.

The critical situation which developed over these aircraft incidents is now seen in Washington as having eased considerably with the withdrawal of the two carriers on operations in the region. Thus, removing what the Communists said was "deliberate provocation" to new trouble.

The Navy Department reported that the carriers had gone back to their normal training exercises and would be operating in the Philippines area.—Reuter.

NEW TACTICS
Washington, July 30.
State Department officials were "working very actively"

US Professor Boards Polish Ship

London, July 30.
Dr Joseph Cort, 26-year-old American professor who has been refused permission to stay in Britain, boarded a Poland-bound freighter tonight in the shadow of the Tower of London.

He joined the Polish Government's 2,219-ton vessel Jaroslaw Dabrowski under conditions of secrecy and barricaded himself in his cabin. The vessel is due to sail for Gdynia with Dr Cort and his wife Ruth, 28, aboard at midnight (GMT) tonight.

From Gdynia, Dr Cort, charged by the United States Government with evading military service and ordered back to America, will travel overland with his wife to Czechoslovakia.

Earlier today, it was disclosed in the House of Commons that he had been granted political asylum by the Czechoslovakian Government.—Reuter.

'I Don't Want A War With Red China Immediately'

—SAYS RHEE

'But Let's Start Planning'

Washington, July 30.

The South Korean President, Dr Syngman Rhee, said in a speech today the United States should prepare a long term but "definite" plan "to save China" from the Communists.

He said he was not proposing that the United States should go to war with Communist China "immediately" but he was presenting for United States consideration a long term policy that he believed would lead to the preservation of freedom not only in Asia but in Europe and other areas.

"My advisors believe it is feasible to push the Reds out without serious risk of precipitating a third world war," he added.

President Rhee said in an address to the Overseas Writers Club here that he did not mean to create the impression that in his speech to Congress on Wednesday that he was asking for immediate United States assistance for an immediate offensive to clear the Communists out of North Korea.

He said he had condensed his speech at the last minute and that possibly he had given the wrong impression.

NOT ABANDONED HOPE
But the South Korean President made it clear, despite American coolness, he had not abandoned his hope that the United States would agree to a resumption of the war to unite the peninsula.

"In my speech to Congress I was trying to make clear that it should be the policy of the United States to save China in order to save us all."

"It is my opinion that if we decided to save China, the way can be opened for operations in Mainland China via routes in Korea, Formosa and Indo-China."

"But if we place China far down the list of priorities for action, we run the grave risk of losing these routes."

DEFINITE PLAN
"I did not mean to suggest that the United States should decide now that it is necessary to save China."

"If that decision was made now, we can all join in preparing a definite plan for what is to be done in the future. We can all co-operate in seeking such an objective."

"The United States should make the freeing of China a part of its own permanent policy and we should all seek to strengthen and implement that policy as rapidly as may be possible."

President Rhee called for a "crusade" in the United States and other countries to impress the non-Communist peoples that the problem of opposing Communism was an urgent problem.

"Certainly, Korea would be an ardent participant," he said. "In the meantime, the United States would be building strong defence forces in Korea, Formosa, Thailand, the Philippines and Indo-China."—Reuter.

Cutburth Advised Not To Fly To Hainan.

Washington, July 30.
American and British officials in Hongkong have discouraged an American pilot from going into Red Chinese territory to search for a possible plane survivor, the State Department said today.

A spokesman said Perry B. Cutburth of Pittsburgh, Kansas, told authorities he was willing to fly alone to Communist held Hainan Island, close to the place where Communist planes shot down a British airliner.

Cutburth raised the possibility that Leonard Lee Parrish, one of the three Americans presumably killed in the crash, is still alive. He quoted a report that a rescue boat was seen in the area after the disaster a week ago.

The State Department spokesman said Cutburth was "not encouraged to undertake such a mission" because there was "little likelihood" that Parrish survived because of the risks involved.

He said the British, who maintain diplomatic relations with Communist China, had been asked to raise the question of possible survivors with the Communists. The Communists had told the British after the crash that they would look for survivors. It was reported.—United Press.

New TV Bill Becomes Law

London, July 30.
The British Conservative Government's controversial bill to introduce commercial television in Britain became law today with the granting of the Royal Assent in the House of Lords.

The new service, a rival to the British Broadcasting Corporation's monopoly, will receive most of its revenue from advertisements.

There will be an independent television authority which will be responsible for the programme.—Reuter.

Frozen Cat

Sydney, Australia.
A cat that strayed into a freezing chamber where rabbit carcasses were stacked was found some hours later, white with frost and apparently frozen solid.

But after two hours in the sun on a mat, where it was placed by a worker, the cat thawed and rather stiffly walked away.—China Mail Special.

Censure Of McCarthy Demanded

Washington, July 30.
Senator Ralph Flanders today asked the Senate to censure a fellow Republican, Senator Joseph McCarthy, for conduct that tended to bring the Senate into disrepute.

In a prepared address, Senator Flanders presented a "bill of particulars" accusing Senator McCarthy of contemptuous refusal to answer questions raised by a Senate Rules Sub-Committee in 1950 relating to Senator McCarthy's integrity.

Senator Flanders, who is 73, said the Senate's honour and in addition, the nation's honour, had been compromised by McCarthy's "irresponsible staff."

Senator McCarthy had an "habitual contempt for people and had used abusive language to General Ralph Zwicker, a much decorated war hero, 'that no one with any human decency would have used.'"

STEVENS 'APPEASED'

Flanders said a row which provoked the recent McCarthy Army hearings might never have occurred if the Secretary of the Army, Mr Robert Stevens, had not tried to appease the Senator.

"I think one may say with some assurance," he continued, "that there are three who cannot be appeased. They are or have been Hitler, the Kremlin and the Senator."

Senator Flanders said the loss of Senator McCarthy's efforts from the field of Communist hunting, if it happened, would be "no loss at all to the anti-Communist campaign". His contribution had been "minor and comparatively unimportant".—Reuter.

Chou Leaves For Peking

Paris, July 30.
The Chinese Premier, Mr Chou En-lai left for Peking by air from Moscow today, Radio Moscow announced.

The Chinese Premier was seen off at the airport by Mr V. M. Molotov and the North Vietnamese delegate to the Geneva Conference, Mr Pham Van Dong. Mr Chou was accompanied by two members of his staff.—France-Press.

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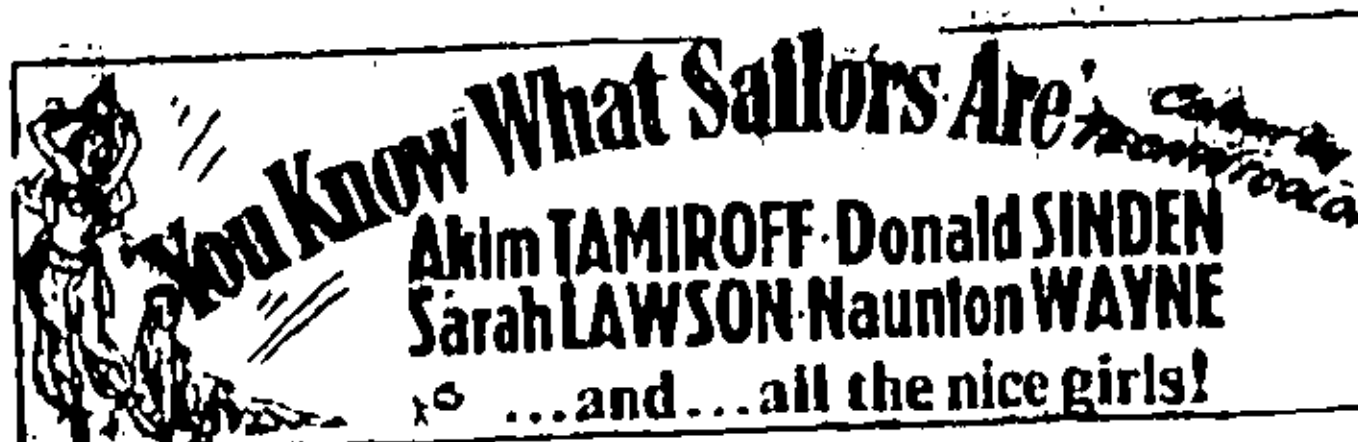
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FINAL TO-DAY



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INDO-CHINA CEASE FIRE

SUNDAY MORNING **KINGS** AT 11.30 A.M.

20th Century-Fox Presents
JEFF CHANDLER • LOUIS JORDAN • DEBRA PAGET

"BIRD OF PARADISE"

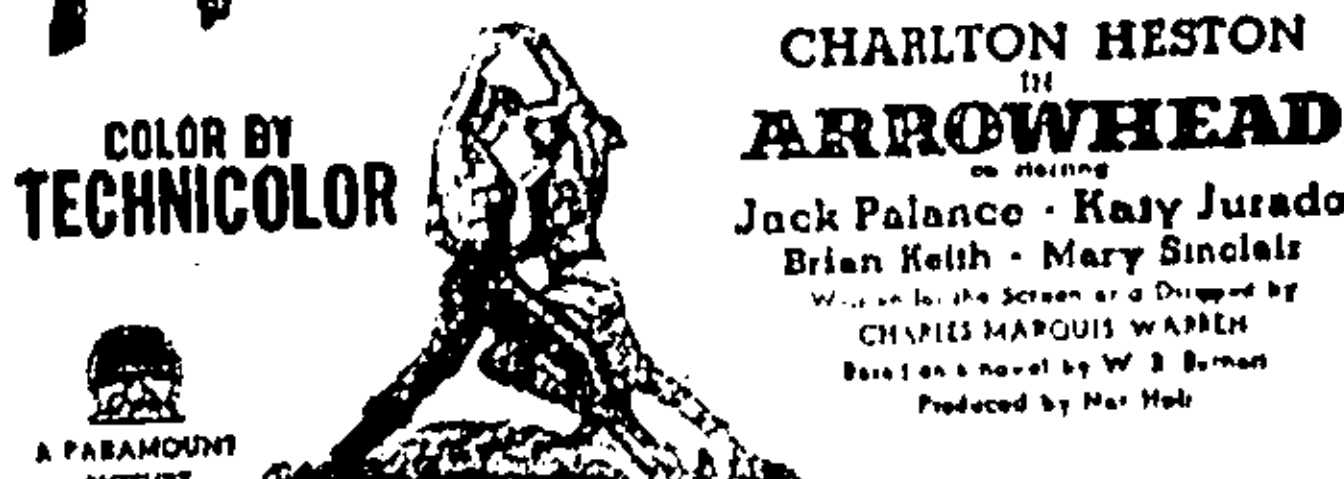
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Arrowhead

Sweeps the Screen with Apache Fury!



CHARLTON HESTON

Jack Palance • Katy Jurado

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Directed by Otto Lang

Produced by Otto Lang

Color by Technicolor

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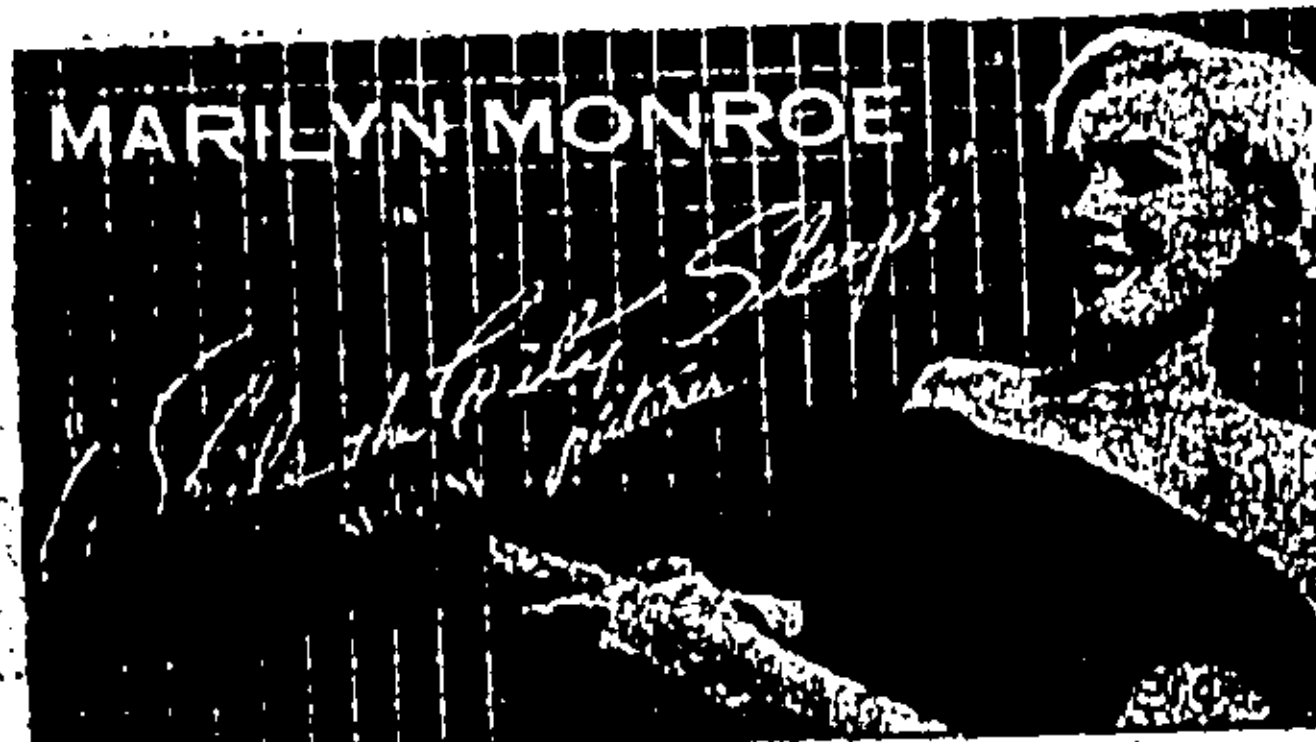
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BOOK YOUR SEATS EARLY

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

A musical comedy, a western, a British comedy, a sultry romance, a crime thriller, an adventure story and something specially for Chinese audiences—they're all there to choose from over the holiday. And while most of us are hoping for a fine day, no doubt the Cinema owners are invoking the aid of the Rain God to swell the Box Office coffers!

The KING'S and PRINCESS have their last showing of "YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE" today. Tomorrow they should be starting "ARROWHEAD". The EMPIRE will show "ARROWHEAD" at the same time, with "ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP" finishing today. "SKY COMMANDO" and "THE LAST POSSE" are scheduled for the KING'S and PRINCESS after "ARROWHEAD".

At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA "NEW FACES" is on and after that the programme will change to "THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY".

The picture that takes over from "ROCKET MAN" at the ROXY and BROADWAY is a romantic extravaganza called "PRINCESS OF THE NILE" and at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY you can see "WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS".

Continuing round the first run theatres, there's "LAUGHING ANNE" at the HOOVER and this should be following it with a film that was due some weeks back but didn't materialise then, "FLIGHT NURSE".

Chinese readers will be glad to know that the LEE and GREAT WORLD are entering exclusively for them, with a Chinese picture until the end of next week, when the change will be to "THE GLASS WEB".

Now let's look at these shows in more detail.

To those of you who've not already seen "YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE", I'd say go and see it if you're English (or Irish, or Scots, or Welsh) and don't mind a yid dig at the pomposity that's sometimes to be found in the higher ranks of the Navy.

In actual fact, many British comedies, this one should amuse almost everyone. The humour isn't so exclusively insular. There are plenty of pretty girls whose appeal to the male sex anyway—is fairly universal and it's in Technicolor.

The old service adage that any inanimate object should be painted (anything moving being automatically salutable), starts the ball rolling in "YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE". After a rather hectic night out, Donald Sinden and two other young Naval officers fix a pawnbroker's sign, together with the skeleton of an old pram, to one of the ships in the dockyard.

Not only in the cold light of day does the ship turn out to be a foreigner, but an enthusiastic brush welder on board has risen before the early dawn and given the inanimate object the routine treatment.

Climax are trained on the "thing" from many points of vantage and as most of the characters in this film are, allowing for the exaggeration permitted a comedy, very true to life, they behave in the most human way we expect. Not having the slightest idea what the new gadget is, each one feels complete familiarity with it.

And what of Donald Sinden? As the Victorian novelist would say, "Imagine his discomfort!"

His discomfort is increased by being placed in even closer proximity to the object, which by now has received the "brood" of a new secret weapon—he's posted to the foreign ship.

All this introduction to the adventures that befall Sinden is most amusingly put over. I saw the shadowy forms of several friends behind his slightly effervescent, but fundamentally stable picture of the young Naval officer while Naunton Wayne as his senior officer bumbles so convincingly that I feel he must have been im-

personating a character he knew!

The foreign ship, bearing Donald Sinden as radar adviser, takes off for Agraria. The President of the country is a passenger on board and Sinden's obvious reluctance to touch on the subject of the new piece of equipment arouses his suspicions.

It's all very nicely done, but when he arrives in Agraria, Sinden is a "free" captive. To keep him happy while the secret of the gadget is worked out, the girls are provided—and that's how they get into the picture. Good fun for everyone.

CHALLENGING NAMES

"ARROWHEAD" is a western and has three challenging names heading the cast. There's Jack Palance whom you either love or loathe, Charlton Heston, who's been seen here in so many varied roles lately, and there's Katy Jurado—the Mexican actress who was part of Gary Cooper's past in "HIGH NOON".

I don't take them in turn. I don't know what Jack Palance's ancestry is, but in war paint and Apache headdress he makes one of the most convincing "white" Red Indians I've seen.

Not a sympathetic one is he in "ARROWHEAD"—in fact the untrustworthiness of every member of the Apache tribe is what Charlton Heston is trying to prove to the U.S. Cavalry all through the picture.

An unusual note is struck by showing Palance in contrasting dress—as an educated Indian in the garb of the white man and then to point up his dual personality, in war paint and feathers when he reverts to his true nature—leading his tribe against his devoted teachers.

An outdoor role always suits Charlton Heston better than a drawing-room better than a drawing-room, and a jaunty cowboy slouch hat and a gun slung at his hip he's a far more romantic figure than in a lounge suit.

He's a scout in "ARROWHEAD"—not the "Rub two sticks together" type, but a wily fellow brought up by the Apaches after they'd murdered his parents and hating them as fiercely as Toriano (Jack Palance) loathes him.

I can't understand why the American Army is so often depicted employing these scouts for their detailed knowledge and insight into the red man's mind and then in nine cases out of ten disregarding their counsel.

It's Charlton Heston's misfortune—and that of the many U.S. Cavalrymen who've got ambushed as a result—to be disbelieved in "ARROWHEAD" and not until the last reel is his true worth appreciated.

It takes almost as long for him to get the girl too!

Katy Jurado is, needless to say, not the girl he gets. Although there's an understanding of sorts between them, her Apache blood is naturally in the way of a permanent attachment.

And anyway, we're led to understand that her intentions are not strictly honourable. The Nice Girl is Mary Sinclair.

Like "YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE" it's in Technicolor.

ALADDIN TALE

I always feel that Aladdin tales should always be shown at Christmas—I suppose it's because of their pantomime connotation. However, we've got the new showing of a mid-Eastern "ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP" at the EMPIRE today.

It's a Walter Wanger production (Joan Bennett's husband—remember?) in Cinemascope.

The Princess Jasmine, in spite of (from the title) the apparent prominence of Aladdin, seems to be the central character in the film. At least, her name is better known than that of the player of Aladdin.

It's our heroine of "DRUMS OF TAHTI"—Patricia Medina. This young pickpocket who aspires to her hand and palace gardens is John Sands.

As in "YOU KNOW WHAT SAILORS ARE" there are sundry "palace beauties" to keep your interest moving when the plot rests for a moment and there's a wicked prince to be dealt with by the Genie of the Lamp. Prince and Genie are respectively John Dehner and Charles Horvath.

In "NEW FACES" Marilyn Monroe is the very much publicized Eartha Kitt. It doesn't seem to have much of a connecting link between the

various acts on the playbill being the behind-the-scenes struggle to raise the money to pay the performers. Apart from that, everything's concentrated on the various turns. This is for you if you like Variety shows.

What a cast for "THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY"! John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day, Robert Stack, Jan Sterling, Phil Harris (in a very serious role), Robert Newton and David Brian.

I can't think of any better way of sketching the characters some of them play than by quoting from the Press Book: "A Trans-Orin Pacific Air-liner plane takes off from Honolulu airport carrying the most bizarre group of people ever thrown together by fate. Heading the list are co-pilot Dan Roman (John Wayne) who has used up his nine lives and is starting on ten; Sally McKee (Jan Sterling) who lived in a world of wildies; Neil Buck (Karen Sharpe) still burning with fever; Claire Trevor strictly a night-time woman; Ken Childs (David Brian) a wealthy collector of other men's wives; and Lydia Rice (Laraine Day) who is as low as high society can get."

The story covers the period of 12 hours it takes for an aircraft to fly from Honolulu to San Francisco and the emphasis is on the characters of the passengers and crew.

We see them first, at the start of the journey, as they would like the world to think of them. As the plane gets under way though, it's obvious that all isn't as it appears on the surface. The tension is broken by one of the passengers threatening with a gun and quickly on the heels of this crisis follows another—one of the engines catches fire and the pilot's nerves are proved to be unsteady. Robert Stack is the pilot.

If you've read the novel by Ernest K. Gann you'll know what follows and if you haven't I won't spoil your fun by telling you who comes out of the incident well and who lets the side down.

All these stars usually have something to offer—we hardly ever get a flat performance from any of them—and as in "THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY" they have plenty to do. It's a picture in which I think most people (except the light entertainment only fans) will find something.

The picture's in Cinemascope and once again the background music is in the capable hands of Dimitri Tiomkin.

EXOTIC EXTRAVAGANZA

Continuing their short rest from Cinemascope pictures, the ROXY and BROADWAY have "PRINCESS OF THE NILE" in 2D. And before you start thumbing through your notebook to find out which of the new super excellent techniques I'm referring to, let me admit that I've tricked you and that it's just another name for plain, old fashioned, ordinary vision.

Egypt, A.D. 1240, is the setting for this exotic extravaganza, with Debra Paget as the Princess Shallmar of the Nile for half the time and Taura the Dancer for the other half.

Politics come somewhere into the story, with Shallmar trying to bring about an uprising against the ruler of the city of Heliopolis on the Nile. Michael Rennie (it's a pity to have to hiss such a nice villain) is the leader of a Bedouin tribe who has taken over Heliopolis and the hero who enters to the rescue is Jeffrey Hunter—son of the Caliph of Baghdad.

"ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP" is a lot of stealthy creeping in and out of the palace goes on before the villain is vanquished and the hero (cheerful) is victorious.

I must say Debra Paget makes a very luscious princess and/or dancer.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Old Masterpieces Recovered From The Ruins Of Rome

Rome.

Last week Roman art critics began to feel saturated with masterpieces from by-gone centuries.

Workers in Tivoli dug out a fine Roman statue to climax a week in which paintings by Flemish 17th century master Van Dyck, and Italy's Tintoretto were discovered in the dusty cellars of a cathedral and an art gallery.

Experts said the finds were among the most important ever made in a country where pieces of ancient and renaissance art are being pulled out of the soil almost daily. They had no doubt about the authenticity of the Van Dyck and the statue. Of the other paintings, they said it was almost certainly Tintoretto and certainly from the 17th century.

The Roman statue, a fine Roman replica of an Amazon by Polykleitos, one of the greatest sculptors of ancient Greece who lived in the fifth century B.C., was found by workers digging in the grounds of the villa of Roman Emperor Hadrian on the hills near Tivoli.

Most works of ancient Greek sculpture have been lost and are known only through their Roman replicas. Amazonians were one of Polykleitos' favorite subjects, and several copies exist.

But the statue found in Tivoli, in spite of some damage, was considered among those best approaching the perfection of the original.

VAN DYCK SIGNATURE

The Van Dyck painting, representing the "Pietà" or Mary's mourning over the body of Christ, was discovered in the vaults of the Palazzo Bianco in Genoa, where it had been lying for decades.

The small painting, first believed to be a copy of a Rubens' work, was identified when a specialist, cleaning a thick layer of dirt from it, brought it to light Van Dyck's signature and the date 1620 in a corner.

Miss A. Mercenaro, the Director of Fine Arts for the City of Genoa, who formally identified the painting, said Van Dyck apparently carried it with him when he went to Genoa in 1621 from England.

It was at the same Palazzo Bianco gallery that an "Ecce Homo" (Jesus crowned with thorns) by Italian 17th century master Michelangelo Caravaggio was discovered recently.

AMAZED AT FIND

But the strangest story of all was that of the reputed Tintoretto.

The large canvas had been used—no one knows how long—to preserve old furniture from dust in the vaults of Milan's world-famed Gothic cathedral.

No one ever bothered to turn the canvas over until a worker removing the furniture last week tore a piece of it away and was amazed to find a finely painted head on the other side.

Experts who took over the painting said after initial cleaning work that it represented the infant Jesus among the doctors of Jerusalem and was a priceless 16th century work—almost certainly a Tintoretto.—United Press.

The Man Who Collects Badges

Vancouver, British Columbia.

A Vancouver man who has spent the last 30 years collecting regimental insignias and studying the history of the British Army, is putting the finishing touches to a history of badges for the Vancouver mess of the Irish Fusiliers.

Jim Claxton is no ordinary collector. A veteran of two world wars, he has even fished in the mud at Arrhen for some of the prized pieces of his 2,000-insignia collection.

Although he says there is no end to different insignias, Claxton has limited his collection to the British Commonwealth. The bulk of the badges are British but other Commonwealth countries are well represented. For instance, he has all but six of the Canadian line regiments and he hopes to get those within the next few months.

Claxton says there are hundreds of other collectors in the world and most of them trade with one another.

But if anyone wants to expand Claxton's collection, he'll have to be keen—very keen, for each item is worth at least \$10 and Claxton's list of buyers is long.—United Press.

Anniversary Of A Big U.S. Airline

Columbus, Ohio.

Twenty-five years ago, two aeroplanes flew out of the Columbus airport in a historic flight—the initial flight in the country's first trans-continental air-mail service.

The 10 passengers, given a send-off by the Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Robert C. La Follette, had come by train from New York because in those days planes didn't fly much at night.

With planes were Ford three-cylindered motorcars. The first left at 8:17 a.m. on July 8, 1929.

Mr. La Follette pushed a button in Washington to ring a bell beside the first plane, the "City of Columbus".

Passengers aboard the first plane included Amelia Earhart, who later became one of the most famous names in aviation before she was lost in a flight across the Pacific.

The second plane, the "City of Wichita," left a few minutes later.

The planes, slow moving by present-day standards, flew on until almost dark when they landed at Waynesburg, Oklahoma, where the passengers boarded a train for the night portion of the trip.

Next morning they boarded their planes in Tulsa, New Mexico, and flew to Los Angeles.

TOOK 48 HOURS

The coast-to-coast trip took 48 hours.

The first flight was re-enacted recently with a Ford tri-motor plane used by a Sandusky, Ohio, firm for shuttle services in Lake Erie. The plane was christened the "City of Columbus" by Patricia Jameson, an airline hostess born in Erie, Pennsylvania, on the same date the first two planes left Columbus.

She was "Queen of the Port Columbus air show" for the celebration marking the airport's 25th anniversary.

The first planes left in a steady rain, but there was a crowd of several thousand at the airport, including the late Henry Ford whose company made the planes, and Harvey Firestone, Akron Rubber industrialist.

The planes were operated by Trans-continental Air Transport, one of TWA's predecessor companies.

John A. Collins, chief of the former airline's Eastern Division and now executive Vice-President of TWA, dispatched the first flights. He came here from his Kansas City office to help in the programme, re-enacting the first flight.—United Press.

Hard Times For Muskrat Hunters

Port Rowan, Ontario.

Things are tough all over this year for the muskrat hunters of this Lake Erie community.

Along the Long Point marshes that extend 10 miles out into the lake, the muskrat population is about half of last year's. What's worse, their pelts don't bring the money they used to, although it's not due to any low standard of living that brought about a decline in the population.

Charlie Reeves, a muskrat man from way back, collected 800 pelts last year, selling the best for \$1.50 and the rest at 60 cents. This year Reeves says the best he'll get will be \$1 and the rest will go for 20 cents.

Even trappers are fewer this year. Most of these hunters who usually hire helpers are getting along by themselves.

"It doesn't pay, because the price is too low," Reeves said. His biggest day this year has been 23 pelts, compared with his staggering haul on last March 16 of 185.

Muskra, the most valuable fur-bearing animal in Ontario, give a greater annual yield than beaver, mink, weasel and other pelts.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"It's very appealing—I always was crazy about bananas!"

How Dynamite Boxes And Swallows Keep Mosquitoes Away

Red Deer, Alberta.

Central Alberta oil exploration crews are carrying out an anti-mosquito campaign with their oil dynamite boxes, but they don't know it. The middle-man is a bird, the Purple Martin, who lives in the empty dynamite boxes and eats the mosquitoes—at the rate of 200 a day.

In the Red Deer area south of Edmonton, four-wheel drive trucks are ploughing along rutted roads as seismograph crews seek new places to put down their test holes and explode dynamite.

The trucks carry the dynamite, which is packed in well made wooden boxes. Each box has dove-tailed corners and is built of good quality pine. It is divided into compartments. That makes a nice six-room apartment for a family of Purple Martins.

The Martins are back in Alberta from their wintering quarters in the Amazon jungles of Brazil. Martins are the largest of the swallow family in Canada and are famed as the swallows of the Capistrano Monastery in California. According to legend, the Californian Martins come back to Capistrano on the same day every year, but in Alberta there is a nine-day spread, from April 20 to 29.

On their arrival they find the houses all ready for them. As many as 100 dynamite boxes have been put on posts in back gardens of Red Deer and everywhere of Martins for the summer. A few of the larger boxes contain 30 individual rooms, but most of them just have six.

ON 20-FT. POSTS

The boxes are placed on 20-ft. posts in open gardens away from trees. The Martins will not nest in the box.

Almost every citizen in Red Deer is a member of the Bird Club and most of their active members are confined to studying the ways of the Martins. The birds like a high-placed box that has an overhanging roof to protect the entrance holes, which should be facing east away from the prevailing west wind. The Martins will choose a home with many perches around the box, as they seem to like sitting around home base and making musical comments about bird life. They are clumsy-footed, and the Red Deer Club say the Martins would appreciate a two-

An Hour A Day For The Preachers

Cushing, Oklahoma.

Preachers were expected to pour into the Municipal swimming pool here to mark the inauguration of the "Preachers' Hour."

The City Council set aside one hour each morning for ministers at the pool to enable the clergymen to take a dip without being criticised for appearing in bathing suits.—United Press.

New Zulu King Ascends The Throne

Johannesburg.

A 20-year-old Zulu chief who likes to drive in expensive American cars, has swapped his pin-stripe pants and cut-away coat for a robe of monkey tails and furled umbrella for a sharp blade throwing spear to lead 10,000 bearded warriors in a symbolic ceremony marking the end of 16 months of mourning among Africa's most famous warrior tribes.

Over 1,000,000 Zulus have mourned their former regent, Chief Edward Mshiyeni Ka Dinzulu since his death in April, 1953. The traditional Shamba, or spear washing ritual, was ordered by the present paramount chief, Cyprian Bhekuzulu to end the mourning period.

Mshiyeni died in a Durban nursing home after long illness, and for more than 16 months the nation has mourned him. Weddings among his immediate family have been forbidden; public dancing and singing has been banned; no fiery has been worn and men have been forbidden to polish up with spirit gun the tightly wound rings of hair they wear on top of their ears.

No food has passed between the dead regent's kraal (village) and other kraals in case it is contaminated by the death. During the mourning, the assegais of the tribe—the flat long-wooded spear made of hard wood—have been left to grow rusty with disuse and by tradition a great hut is organised to cleanse them.

Ten thousand warriors danced, hunted and feasted at the last Shamba in 1934, which followed the death of Chief Solomon, uncle of Cyprian and brother of Mshiyeni. Years ago the Shamba was a hunt for an enemy tribe with Zulu spears cleaned in blood, but nowadays the warriors, bedecked in plumed ostrich feather head-dresses, leopard skins and monkey tail robes, hunt only for game across the open veldt.

ROUND THE CAULDRON

As the drums sound across the Zulu reservation—shrunk now to almost half its size due to the emigration of countless warriors to the big cities of South Africa—the warriors file from their thatched beehive-shaped huts, and chanting, form a circle around a cauldron.

In the cauldron, tended by witch doctors with white painted faces, bubbles a mysterious brew the contents of which have never been revealed to white men. The warriors, led by Chief Cyprian, file past the cauldron and dip the blades of their spear in to cleanse them.

Then they congregate before the chief's hut, roar the traditional royal salute of "Bayete" and disappear into the bush, splitting up into hunting parties of about 20 men.

Wild bucks are the animals most likely to be caught and killed. Animals killed on the hunt are considered defiled by death and not fit to eat. Their bodies are dragged back to the kraals and fed to the dogs.

After the hunt, the warriors wash themselves and their spears in the waters of the Umfolosi River. The day after the hunt is devoted to feasting and the drinking of potent home brewed Kafir beer.—United Press.

Boy Scouts Will Pan For Gold

Lethbridge, Alberta.

The boy scouts of Troop 10 in this community believe in putting their scouting into practice.

Twenty-five members of the troop will take off next month on a 4,000-mile trip up the Alaska Highway, during which they'll practise camping, cooking, map reading, fishing, and a score of other skills.

The lads also plan something that's not in the scout manual—panning for gold in the north country's roaring streams. They hope to have some souvenirs of the trip.

The boys will travel by bus—rigged out with a special two-day radio to keep the folks at home informed. They'll also take sound and colour movies.

The films will later be shown at scout meetings to provide instruction for other boys.

The party will leave Lethbridge, not in the scout motor bus, but in a private car. The trip will stop at Calgary, Edmonton, and Grande Prairie.—United Press.

Fish (Age, 152) Took The Bait At Last!

Toronto. Biologists of the Ontario department of lands and forests have established that a 215-pound, seven-ft lake sturgeon caught in Lake of the Woods last year was 152 years old.

The fish's age was determined by microscopic examination of a section of a fin sent to headquarters by Ontario district wildlife officers. Dr. Jean-Paul Cuervier, chief limnologist of the Canadian Wildlife service at Ottawa, confirmed the findings.

The scientist explained that the annual rings in the fin, similar to those found in trees, can be counted to assess the age.

"This placid curiosity was swimming the waters of the Lake of the Woods at least 10 years before the war of 1812 and managed to escape commercial fishing gear and natural enemies for a century and a half," the department said.—United Press.

[Limnology: study of physical phenomena of lakes.]

How Quickly Can You Do A Manicure?

YOU MAY WIN A PRIZE

Toronto. The Canadian National Exhibition, which customarily puts on competitions ranging from swimming meetings to cooking contests, is going in for some unusual contests this year.

For instance, there will be a \$25 cash prize offered for the lucky lady who can give herself the quickest manicure. Elsa Jenkins, manager of women's activities at the CNE, feels this will give entrants an opportunity to demonstrate the practice they have had at the art. She says clothes make the woman, but nails make the hand.

If you are more at home in the kitchen than in the fashion parade, you have the chance to share in a \$750 being given away as cash prizes in baking and preserving competitions.

For the best in new angel cakes, the top contestant will receive a \$50 prize with \$25 and \$15 going to the runners-up. The women who make their own bread and rolls might not cash prize for entering their products in a home-made bread and rolls contest while specialists can excel in a competition for the best in biscuits and fruited scones.—United Press.



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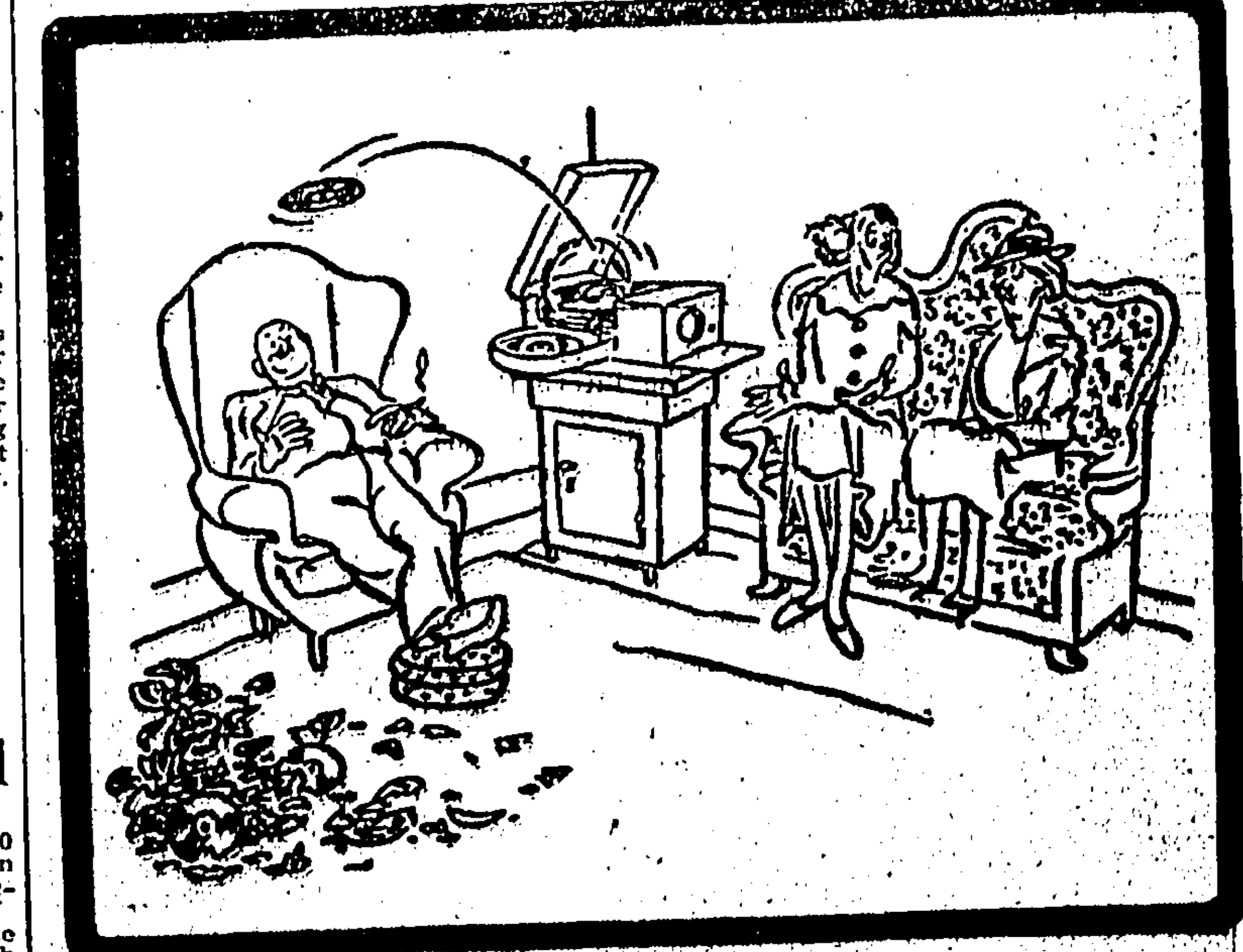
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AT the London Indian Embassy's reception in honour of Premier Nehru's sister, Mrs. Vijayalakshmi Pandit, President of the United Nations Organisation, Mrs. Pandit (left) is seen chatting with the Maharani of Jaipur, Lady Corea and the Rani Shanker. (Express)



LEFT: Romance, gaiety, the bright lights of the world. All are offered 21-year-old Janet Jones, just appointed the official hostess for Wales by the Welsh Tourist Board. An American heard she was "selling" Wales, and wrote: "How do I go buying a part of it?" (Express)

RIGHT: The victory smile, 1954 version, as worn by Froilan Gonzalez (Argentine), winner of this year's British Grand Prix at Silverstone. Gonzalez drove his Ferrari over the 90 laps at an average speed of 89.69 mph. (Express)



THE entry of 17-year-old Princess Alexandra and 81-year-old Princess Marie Louise into London's Savoy Hotel ballroom for the Dockland Clubs and Settlements Ball created a problem of precedence. Princess Alexandra stood aside, but Princess Marie Louise, who was the guest of honour, refused to go first. "You go first," she insisted — and followed the young Alexandra into the ballroom. (Express)



LANCE CORPORAL A. R. Dean, RAMC, who is a footman to HRH the Duke of Cornwall, deals with a casualty during an exercise with a field ambulance unit during his 15 days' Emergency Reserve training in camp at Stanford, Norfolk. (Army News)



HARDY AMIES, one of Britain's top fashion designers, gave a party for visiting American fashion experts last week. Here he draws his guests' attention to an amusing incident. On the left is Mary Ann Nordeman and on the right Lee Kimbal. (Express)



THESE pretty girls from France were among the many from the Continent taking part in the music festival, the International Elateddod, in Wales. It will soon be their turn to sing, but first a bit of grit has to be removed from 18-year-old Monique Bourdarius's eye. So 17-year-old GINETTE DAUZIER helps to remove it. (Express)



EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Rosemund Buckle's favourite playmate on her father's farm is this handsome pig. To her delight, she was allowed to parade the champion Middle White pig, Cotton Joyful 112th, at the Great Yorkshire Agricultural Show. (Express)



DAPHNE CASE, 33-year-old champion woman shark angler of Britain, pictured aboard her 13-ton launch, Knight Errant. Her catches help Cornish fishermen. "The sharks damage many nets each summer," she says. She is a mother of three children. (Express)



THESE two smartly dressed women, Kathleen Skillern (left) and Edna Slack are London detective constables who helped to bring about the capture of two mailbag bandits. They had to live in a caravan and pose as nurses, watching for weeks a suspect living in another caravan. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



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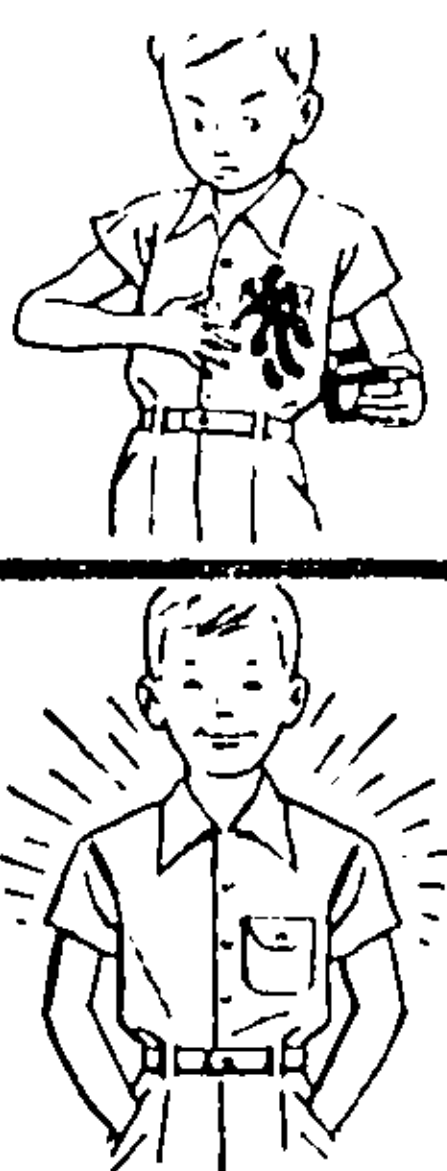
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SO FAR: Bader has had to give up his brilliant flying career because the RAF will not employ a legless pilot. He tries to build a new life in the office of the Shell organisation. He cannot afford to set up home with Thekla, to whom he is secretly married, and they see each other only in the evenings and at week ends.

ONE morning in 1935 Bader opened the paper and saw a headline: "Royal Air Force To Be Expanded." Under it was a speech by Mr Baldwin announcing that Britain's frontier was on the Rhine and that Britain must remain to keep pace with Germany.

A larger Air Force meant they would need more pilots!

All morning he thought about it, and after lunch he dropped his work and wrote to Air Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, now Air Member for Personnel, who had been his AOC when he crashed.

An answer came back in a few days, sympathetic and understanding. Sir Frederick said that if it were left to him he would have Bader back in the Service, but there was no chance of persuading others to agree.

By some miracle he and Thekla had still been able to keep the secret of their marriage. At Christmas 1937 he got a rise of £35 and said: "Come hell or high water, we're going to get officially married this year."

It was Thekla's idea that they should get married again on October 5, fourth anniversary of the mid-air crash. She found a flat in a new block going up in West Kensington, and they were re-married in St. Mary Abbott's Church, Kensington.

The tragic voice

HITLER had never meant much to him until Munich. It was then that he realised there was going to be a war and that war was his chance.

He wrote to the Air Ministry asking for a refresher flying course so that he could be ready when war came and a polite note came back saying that the doctors still thought that the legs made him a permanent accident risk. Would he consider an administrative job? He wrote back: No.

About April, 1939, when Hitler was marching into the rest of Czechoslovakia, Geoffrey Stephenson, who had been his particular friend at Cranwell, was posted to Air Ministry. Stephenson was friendly with the personal staff officer to the new Air Member for Personnel, Air Marshal Sir Charles Portal, and soon, by arrangement under the "Old Chums Act," Bader wrote to Portal asking the same old question. He got what looked at first like the same old answer: "I am afraid that during peace time it is not possible for me to permit you to enter a flying class of the re-

serve." And then he came to "no." "I am sorry," he said, "but you can rest assured that if war came we would almost certainly be only too glad of your services in a flying capacity after a short time if the doctor agreed."

It was not perhaps the accepted thing to do, but part of him began almost praying for war. Thekla, full of dread both at the idea of war and of Bader trying to fly in it without legs, tried miserably to get him to give up the dream, but he would not listen. She tried to calm herself by thinking that they would never take him. Her suggestion that he should never get past the leg in Whitehall and Douglas answered fiercely: "Well, by God, I'll sit on their doorsteps till I do get in."

He's the type

THE day after Hitler marched into Poland he sent Thekla away to join her parents in the country for a few days in case masses of bombers came over when the whistle went.

Next morning, washing up his breakfast things, he heard Chamberlain's tragic voice announcing war. He left the washing up, sat down and wrote to Portal's secretary again.

Bader began telephoning and waiting peremptory notes to Stephenson and another friend at Air Ministry, Hutchinson, to get things moving for him. Vicks passed and he got restless. Then, early in October, a telegram arrived: "Please attend Air Ministry Adjutant House Kingsway for selection board Thursday 10.30. Bring this telegram with you."

Eagerly on the Thursday he found the right room. To his surprise, he came face to face with Air Vice-Marshal Halahan, his old commandant at Cranwell. Halahan got up from his desk and shook hands. "Good to see you, Douglas. What sort of job would you like?"

It almost took his breath away. "General Duties," of course.

Halahan said "Oh!" and looked dubious. "I'm very sorry, but I'm only dealing with ground jobs here. His stomach sagged a little. "It's only a flying job, sir. I'm not interested in anything on the ground."

Halahan looked at him steadily and silently for some five seconds and then, apparently making up his mind, stretched out, took a piece of paper and began writing on it. No words were said. He finished, blotted it, sealed it in an envelope and handed it across.

"Take that across to the medical people," he said, "and good luck."

Bader always remembered the sequence of events. He wrote them down: "I didn't know any of the doctors, but everything went perfectly. I visited the various rooms in turn; eyes, ears, nose and throat, blood pressure, heart and lungs—never a shadow of doubt. My file was complete and

the wing commander sent for me. I could see he was looking at my file as though he were thinking not reading. Then he looked up and said: 'Apart from your legs you're a hundred per cent.' He pushed a bit of paper across to me, and said: 'Have you seen this?' It was Halahan's note. I said: 'No, sir.' I looked at it and as far as I remember it read:

"I have known this officer since he was a cadet at Cranwell under my command. He's the type we want. If he is fit, apart from his legs, I suggest you give him A.I.B. (full flying category) and leave it to the Central Flying School to assess his flying capabilities."

I handed the note back without a word. I looked at him. I had the feeling of being tremendously alert at a terribly important cross-road. I think I stopped breathing. I remembered 1932—the same scene, different circumstances, different man behind the desk saying there was nothing in King's Regulations to let me through. The silence seemed to go on. I don't know whether it was a second or ten seconds. I had the feeling that he wanted to look away, but I was not going to let him. I was looking directly at him, willing him to think my way. He said: "I agree with Air Vice-Marshal Halahan. We're giving you A.I.B. and it's up to the flying chaps. I'll recommend they give you a test at C.F.S."

Was he rusty?

HE felt a serene glow pervading him, turning into a glow like a man who feels his fourth whisky flooding him with soft fire. His face hardly changed, except that he took a deep breath, said correctly: "Thank you very much, sir," and walked out, feeling that the wasted years were cancelled and he was picking up life again from the moment he had crashed.

A few days passed with no more word from the RAF and he became intolerably impatient.

He took to ringing Stephenson and Hutchinson in the old peremptory way, bullying them to make someone do something. Immediately, all the latest vicar banished for years was bursting out. On 14th October a telegram came from the Central Flying School at Upavon. "Suggest report test 18th October." He drove down next morning.

It was over seven years since he had flown—he was bound to be rusty—and he felt awkward and out of place until he came across Joo Cox there, and also the thickest, amusing Rupert Leigh whom he had last known as a junior cadet at Cranwell.

"You're my meat," Leigh said merrily. "I am the maestro of the refresher flight and I give you your test. I know you will achieve courteously towards me."

That demolished the insidious fear. Under "The Old Chums Act" it was in the bag unless he made some unthinkable blunder.

After lunch Leigh took him out to a Harvard advanced

HITLER MARCHES...

And Bader tries again

REACH FOR THE SKY

By PAUL BRICKHILL

He explained the cockpit, climbed into the back seat and started up. "I'll do a circuit first," he said, "and then you can have a stab."

Just for a moment or two it felt a little strange, but as he flew round for a quarter of an hour the "feel" came back, dispelling the last wisp of uneasiness and filling him with joy. She touched down smoothly and in without a swerving. Surprised that she was so easy to fly, he took her off again and spent an hour doing two more landings and then climbing for a job, and a look before landing again.

When they taxied in and got out, Leigh's first words were: "Well, it's damn good, asking me if you can fly. However, I'll humiliate them and write recommending that you be admitted to the fold and posted here for a full refresher course."

Please don't

TOWARDS the end of November an Air Ministry envelope arrived. He ripped it open and there it was in detached official language: "I have taken your letter back, not as a regular officer re-employed in his former rank and seniority (which meant higher pay) his retired pay would cease, but his 100 per cent disability pension would continue (that was a droll touch—100 per cent fit and 100 per cent disabled). If the terms were acceptable would he kindly state when he was prepared to report to C.F.S. for duty. That day was a Friday. He wrote back, naming Saturday as his date to demand a new uniform within a week, and left his desk for the last time.

At the Central Flying School, refresher flight Bader reported to Leigh with a smart "Good morning, sir," and they both started laughing, because Leigh, who had been his junior, was now a squadron leader and Bader was still only a flying officer, one of the most senior flying officers in the RAF.

After lunch another old friend, Christopher Clarkson, took him up in an Avro Tutor for his first flight as an active officer since the crash. Clarkson handled her for the first "circuit and bump," and then let Bader have the controls. His first landing was workmanlike, and his second a neat three-pointer. Clarkson hailed him self out of the cockpit and said: "She's all yours, chum."

This was the moment. At last he was alone with an aeroplane. November 27, 1939—almost exactly eight years after his crash....

Shortly the telephone rang in Rupert Leigh's office and Leigh picked it up and heard the cold voice of the chief flying instructor: "Leigh! I have just landed. On my way down I passed a Tutor upside down in the circuit area at 800 feet."

Leigh froze with foreboding. "The right voice continued: 'I know who it was. Be good enough to ask him not to break all the flying regulations straight away.'"

When Bader landed and taxied in he found Leigh beside him, saying: "Don't do it. Please don't do it."

"Do what?" Bader could not very well explain to him that on his first solo flight he had to turn the

acrobatic upside down at forbidden height. At the time he did not know himself that it had any connection with his last flight in the Hurricane. "I was just by with dying every day and comradeship in the mess at night. Early in the new year he got his chance at a Hurricane just getting into the solitary cockpit raised his blood. It was such a satisfying aircraft for an individualist. The most responsive he had yet flown.

After twenty minutes feeling her out he made a smooth landing. On his next flight in her he tried acrobatics, saw test better than ever, and he began to fall in love with the aeroplane.

At the end of January Joo Cox said to him: "Well, we're happy about your flying if you are. You might as well crack off to a squadron."

Before he went on end-of-course leave he saw the reports on his flying. In Bader's log-book, under the heading "Ability as a pilot," the OC Refresher Squadron wrote: "Exceptional."

Bader drove to the Pantiles for his leave and the next four days were not cheerful. Thekla, unable to mask her feelings as well as usual, was weeping about him, and he was restless day and night wanting to get on with it because he'd feel really back in the Air Force again when he got to a squadron. A telegram ended the waiting.

Puff of white

THE telegram ordered Bader to report to Duxford in 12 Group, where he became a Flight Lieutenant in 222 Squadron in 1940. He was now an old friend, "Tubby" Mermagen. It was the period of the phoney war, but the boredom of convoy patrols and practice flights ended with Dunkirk. The squadron made a daily dawn patrol to cover the evacuation, but was not until the sixth day that Bader had his first chance of engaging the enemy.

He felt dog-tired when the batman woke him at the same time. Some routine. Down below the same brave little boats streamed over the water. Dunkirk ahead... and over Dunkirk, about three miles away a gaggle of swift-growing dots.

He knew what they were instantly. The 110's wheeled inland without dropping their bombs, but the sky was empty of cloud and the Spitfires leapt after them, starting a full throttle. No time for thinking, but as he turned his reflector sight on and the gun button "fire," he knew he was going to shoot.

A glance back through the Perspex: the straining Spitfires were striding out in a ragged line and up to the left four grey shapes were diving at them—Messerschmitt 109's, the first he had seen. From the beam they flicked across in front like darting sharks, winking orange flashes in the noses as they fired.

He rammed stick and rudder over and the Spitfire wheeled after them. A 100 shot up in front; his thumb jabbed the firing button and the guns in the wings quivered with a shocking noise. The 109 seemed to be filling his windscreen. A puff of white spurted just behind his

cockpit as though someone had used a giant fit-gun. The puff was chopped off, then a spurt of orange flame mushroomed round the cockpit and flared back like a blow-torch.

The 109 rolled drunkenly, slowing her belly, falling away and behind, flaming.

The heady joy of the kill flooded back as he slid out over the water towards England. A glow of fulfilment. Blood runs hotly at the kill when a pilot wins back his life in primitive combat. He had fought an aeroplane and shot at it, imperiously, not seeing the man, and longed to get back and tell everyone.

One last boat

ON June 4 the Prime Minister ordered a last patrol, and Bader flew on it. The beach by Dunkirk was empty and the crumbling town lay inert under the smoke. Out of the harbour tucked a single yacht with a little white sail; it must have been the last boat out of Dunkirk and they circled it protectively till low peril forced them home.

Dunkirk was over and Bader, suddenly exhausted, kept nearly 24 hours waking to find a grim new mood lying over England. You could see what the pilots were thinking by their faces—if it was fighting they wanted they were going to get it. Sobering, but not too daunting.

Having tasted blood, Bader thought only of flying, fighting and tactics, things he had wanted so long. He was not miffed, and the thought never obtruded consciously that no one now could think of him with pity or as second to a man who could run. He lived for the coming fight. Britain's as well as his own.

One morning Mermagen greeted him with a sly grin and a significant remark: "Well, Douglas, we're losing you."

Bader stared. "Where?" he demanded. "I don't want to leave."

"It's all right," Mermagen said soothingly. "You're getting a squadron."

Bader stared again. "It's not a joke," Mermagen grinned. "Or perhaps it is. Anyway, I-M wants to see you."

He drove to 12 Group Headquarters at Huccall and stood before the AOC. Without preamble Leigh-Mallory said: "I've been hearing of your work as a flight-commander. I'm giving you a squadron, No 242."

The Canadians

HE went on: "It's a Canadian squadron, the only one in the RAF. Nearly all the pilots are Canadians and they're a tough bunch. They're just back from France, where they got pretty badly mauled and lost quite a few aircraft. They were messed around quite a bit; it wasn't their fault, and now they're fed up. Frankly, morale is low. They need a bit of decent organisation and some firm handling, someone who can talk tough, and I think you're the chap to do it."

The Squadron was at Colishall, near Norwich. Leigh-Mallory said, and Squadron Leader Bader was to take over as from that moment. He stood up, shook Bader's hand, and said: "Good luck in your first command."

Squadron Leader Bader! Eight weeks ago he had been a flying officer! It hardly even occurred to him that he had caught up with his contemporaries; he was longing to flex his muscles in his first command.

The "station master" at Colishall, pipe-smoking phlegmatic Wing Commander Belegel (known for and wild, naturally, as "Bike"), told Bader about his new squadron, and was not comforting. The ground crews were about half

(Continued on Page 10)

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



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How 'Imperialist' GIs Help Humanity

London.

U.S. armed forces abroad may be denounced by the Communists as agents of "Imperialism" but they were fighting last week on the side of stricken humanity.

In Austria, American troops were seen last week by the side of native villagers to raise levees against the flooding Danube. In Italy, U.S. planes have flown supplies to the flood zone. The Americans jumped into the disaster fight in a quick, unhesitating way that is becoming more and more apparent. U.S. troops are stationed around the world.

Floods, earthquakes, avalanches, epidemics all have brought aid, sometimes in massive proportions, from the U.S. Army, Navy and Air Force overseas.

When floods raged through southern Japan a year ago, U.S. planes airlifted supplies to 17 isolated areas. Supplies were parachuted to marooned villages. Air Force rescue boats were used to evacuate captives and hospitalised.

The G.I.s in Japan and Korea followed up by contributing \$92,000 to the Japanese Red Cross and \$100,000 to the Korean Red Cross. The Air Force itself distributed over a ton to \$125,000 worth of relief supplies.

FLOOD RESCUE

When a bad winter of cold waves broke the dykes of the Holland and smashed down the sea walls of eastern England in February, 1953, the U.S. armed forces sent \$1,000,000 worth of supplies and equipment to a battalion of engineers, to help repair and tens of thousands of sandbags to the two countries.

Only a month later, Air Force planes were flying aid to victims of earthquakes that rocked the eastern Mediterranean area. Flying Boxcars airlifted 2,000 blankets and Red Cross medical supplies from Geneva to Turkey. In August 1953, the U.S. Army sent \$300,000 worth of medical and hospital equipment to rescue quake victims on the Ionian Isles of Greece. And a sea and air and sea and the heavy cruiser Salem alone passed out 65 tons of provisions and 5,000 hot meals.

RUSHED BLANKETS

Last October, American forces rushed blankets, food and medicine to stricken flood areas of Italy, and during the winter U.S. planes and ships were thrown into relief operations for

victims of avalanches in Austria and Switzerland.

Perhaps the greatest relief operation ever undertaken by the U.S. Air Force involved not an act of nature but an act of cold war politics. The famous Berlin airlift, lasting almost a year while the Communists kept Berlin cut off from the West, cost the Air Force 31 lives in accidents during the round-the-clock shipments of food and supplies.—United Press.

Men Are Still Too Old-Fashioned

San Francisco.

The roles of men and women in marriage are changing so fast that the world has become a confusing place of "new-fashioned women and old-fashioned men," a teacher of family life said.

Mrs. Marjorie Gosgrove, Director of Family Life Education in the Highland Park public schools, Michigan, told the American Home Economics Association that the family life education of a few years ago is not good enough preparation for marriage nowadays.

In a speech to the annual meeting of the Association, Mrs. Gosgrove said young people "used to know what to expect from husband or wife their roles were clearly defined."

"To be a masculine or feminine was a clear-cut picture. The wife knew what her job would be and so did the husband."

She said young people today have not the old traditions to fall back on in making decisions. "Girls are demanding rights that were undreamed of in the past. Many boys and men are hanging on to outmoded ideas. It has become a confusing world of new-fashioned women and old-fashioned men."

THE DRUMS BEAT in Poto-poto



TOM STACEY

sends a second despatch from the threshold of the jungle, where he is preparing for an exciting journey into the unknown—following the equatorial sun into the hidden heart of Africa.



Brazzaville. THE drums of Poto-poto do you know what they sound like at night? In this happy-go-lucky Brazzaville suburb I can hear half a dozen drum-and-rattle ensembles synchro-pating in the night air from huts near by.

I am sitting in "Max" Kenyera's clay hut, writing by the flame of a hurricane lamp. The third hut along on the right in the dust lane they call Rue Kassais.

Max has just drizzled out to me, African companion, Erika and me the first of the night.

Max Monksyants (flicked into the mouth from waist level by pressure of forefinger and thumb), bread and dried butter, petit beurre biscuits.

He was going to give us yams and tapoca. But he had to meet to go with it, so he looked that particular ragout, altogether and went all European.

But thank you, Max. And now for our celebration. For Max, 2,500 miles from home, was one of my companion, Erika's closest schoolmates back in British Uganda 10 years ago.

He is the only other Muganda in the whole of Brazzaville. (pop. 70,000). Yet we fetched up with him in 24 hours after arriving in this heart-of-the-Matter capital town of French Equatorial Africa.

A very African occurrence. Three other Africans have nudged up the links in the chain which has drawn us to Max. It went like this.

Number 1 BRILLIANT

AFRICAN No. 1 bumped into us on the stairs of our rear house. He is 6ft 3in., 39-year-old Sierra Leonean Dr. Kerifa Smart, educated at McGill

University, Harvard, and founder of Sierra Leone's People's Party, now in power. Just now this brilliant African is head of the World Health Organization's Western African region.

I will bet anyone a small fortune, or the equivalent (such as a case of beer in Brazzaville), that our friend Kerifa is Prime Minister of Sierra Leone before we leave.

He took us out to dinner on our first night here, at an hotel which had refused us entry earlier because Erika is coloured. "No natives, mister," the snooty French manager had said to us, with the only English words he knew.

But that manager gave a very tasty chicken curry dinner to us two Africans and a European. And he got a complaint lodged against him through British Consul John Cotton.

The gracious doctoring consulman shows I've a crocodile if he wants.

Number 2 IN JEANS

KERIFA lent us his beetle car to run around town. One errand was to beetle out to the airport at Maya Maya to fetch my rifle and pistol. The airport police were holding them.

Shining back over the long fast straight between the dark-leaved mango trees at 65 miles an hour, we stopped to give a lift to a young African going in the same direction on Shanks's pony at approximately four miles an hour.

And thus AFRICAN No. 2 entered our lives. His business name, Albert, Arc, 19.

He was all tugged up in a white and tapered jeans. He had been looking for a job at the airport. But alas, no job there for Albert. Brazzaville is an unemployment town, slump town, grandly planned skeleton town which two thou-

sand out of five thousand Europeans have fled in the last year. It was the old saying of a small fry: Europeans trying to sell trinket sets to other small fry Europeans trying to do the same.

We decided that bonny Albert should act as our aide on our forthcoming expedition northwards. He knows the lingo (Kilembo) and speaks a mouthful or two of Africanised French—at which I am getting quite a dab.

We are thus happy to have relieved the unemployment situation in this town.

Number 3 SMILER

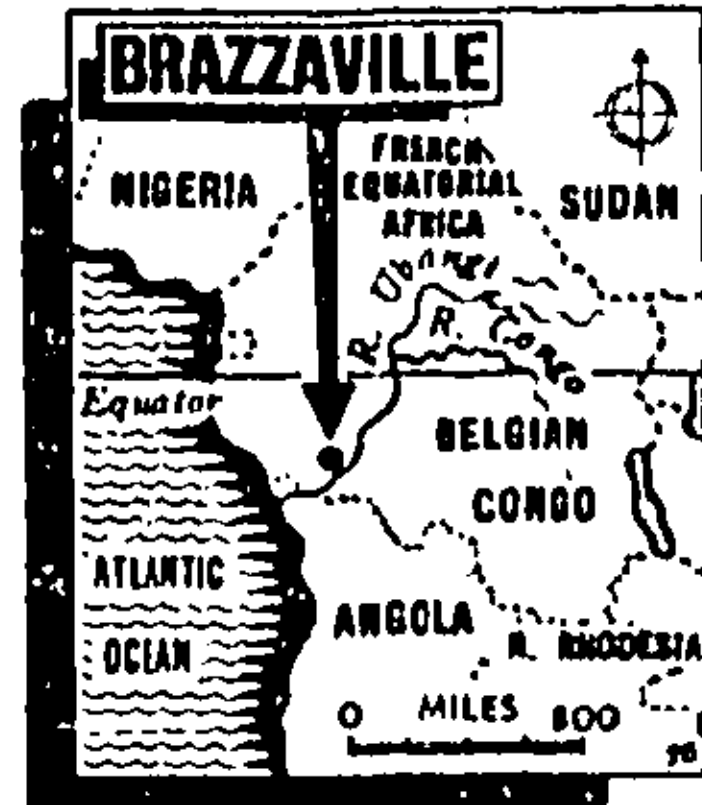
LIKE most African Brazzavillians, Albert comes from an up-country village. And his home lies on our route. So we shall be able to drop in on his tapoca-growing uncle and auntie, sis, and the kids. His parents are dead.

Now, Albert wished to pick up his work card, held by the American-backed Compagnie Minière d'Ogoué, richest mining firm around town. Here we met AFRICAN No. 3, easy-going Sembe with the bustling humour, Sembe the mechanic.

Sembe greeted us with a "hullo, sir!" and said he was from Northern Rhodesia. He had got stranded in Brazzaville with empty pockets, trying to reach that African Utopia, the near-dominionised Gold Coast, 4,000 miles, and every sore step further from his wife and children.

Quite an adventure story, that. I would like to tell it to you sometime.

Sembe invited us back to his wattle and clay home to meet his friend and fellow householder. "Allaso Britishah, sir



Tom," said he to me of his friend. So off we went after work, three of us on his vermillion moorbike, to Poto-poto, Rue Kassais.

Number 4 LONG-LOST

AND there it was we found a little long-nosed long-lost Max, schoolboy of my companion Erika, and the only other Muganda in 70,000 Brazzavillians. He is AFRICAN No. 4.

What is Max the Muganda doing 2,500 miles away from home? Why, he wanted his seven children to learn French here before he took the whole family on to that haven of hope, the Gold Coast. He has come on ahead, alone.

The journey took him three months, and there has been no work for Max since he arrived here eight months ago. With my white skin I have found him a job in booming Leopoldville, just across the two-mile-wide steaming, writhing Congo in Belgian territory.

Patronising, you may say. Yes, but it's better than Max cutting his shoes.

Learn from such tales as these, of the ferment of African smil lon.

And now let us hurry along down to the Mangali quarter of Poto-poto. There is dancing there for these body-proud Africans. Let us sway the warm night away to the pulse of drums and thrumming of gutters.

THE MAN I KNEW

SEFTON DELMER TELLS THE STORY OF DR JOHN, THE MAN OF A THOUSAND SECRETS

WITHOUT any doubt the taxi which took Dr Otto John into East Berlin carried with it to the Soviet espionage authorities their biggest prize of the cold war.

For Dr Otto John was not only the chief of the West German counter-espionage services, with access to all the secrets of the Western Allies in the North German and West German sector.

He had just returned from the U.S., where he discussed with the authorities secret information gained from American and other Allied sources.

Nevertheless, I find it hard to accept the suggestion contained in the first official German news reports that Dr John has deserted the Western cause and has gone over to the Soviet zone of his own free will.

For I have known him for 10 years. I have seen him constantly since he went to Britain as a refugee in August 1944.

He flew in then from Madrid to carry on from Britain the fight against Hitler in which he, his brother and his other fellow conspirators were defeated.

I know that Otto John's abhorrence of the Soviet system was even stronger than his abhorrence of Hitlerism and German militarism.

More important, I know that on several occasions he rejected Soviet overtures inviting him to cross into the Soviet zone and join them.

The latest of these came when I was visiting Germany last March. He told me about it himself.

The invitation was brought to John by Baron Wolfgang von und zu Puttitz, a former German diplomat and former German spy, who is today a self-confessed Soviet agent.

I have known Puttitz too. And I also met Puttitz last

Bonn. March. Puttitz boasted to me then that he was probably the unwitting decoy who had caused British diplomat Burgess to go over to the Russians and take Maclean with him.

When John and I met Puttitz from John's—in March, he was ostensibly on a visit to his mother. But Puttitz called on John in Cologne.

He informed John, so John told me, that he would be made extremely welcome and comfortable on the Soviet side of the frontier should he agree to cross it.

He did his best to persuade John that Soviet Germany was the true democratic and anti-militarist Germany which both he, Puttitz, and John had been working for when they supported the British and the Americans during the war.

John said he laughed at Puttitz and his overtures. He reported Puttitz's presence in West Germany to the British security authorities. But nothing was done about it. Puttitz was allowed to return to Berlin and cross into the Soviet zone.

Inside Western Germany itself, Otto John was up against enemies as powerful as the Russian Secret Service—perhaps even more powerful. And he knew it. He made no secret of his antagonism to the forces which are putting the Nazis and militarists back into key jobs of the German administration.

The fact that John was appointed to head the new West German counter-espionage service after 12 other German candidates for the job had been ruled out by the Occupation Powers did not make John any more popular with these people.

John's new service had been penetrated, with the connivance of the secret German forces at work today, by agents of the new unofficial Gestapo.

And it has been an open secret for some time that the Nazis in the administration have been out to get John, discredit him, and throw him out.

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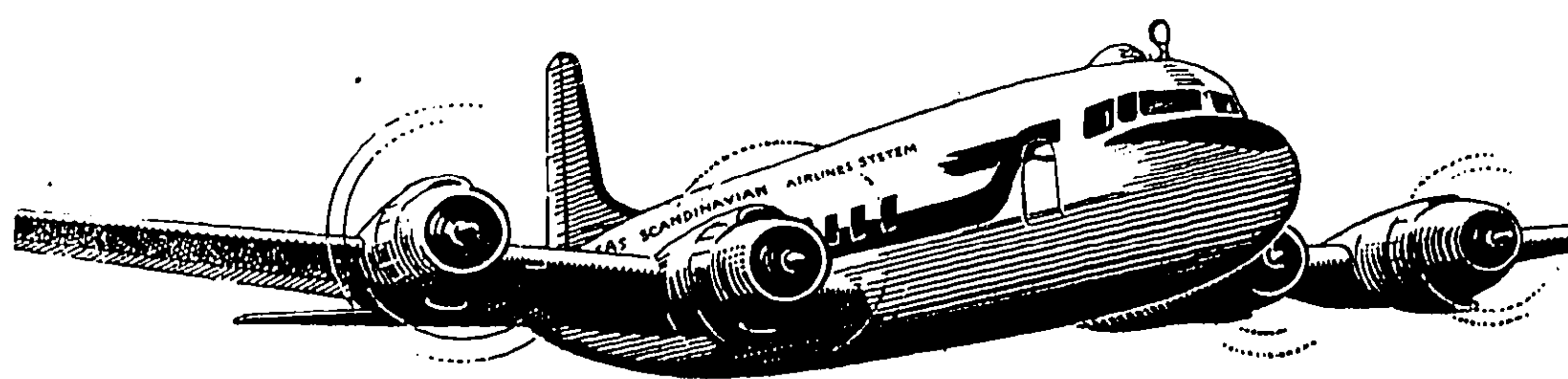
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ONE COMEDIAN IN THE FAMILY IS QUITE ENOUGH,

says George Robey's son

As he sits in his high-backed chair at Bow Street, with the Royal coat of arms on the wall above him, Edward George Haydon Robey occasionally whips off his reading glasses for a better view of the witness-box three yards away.

It is then you get the benefit of his eyebrows. The Robeyesque arch is undeniably there.

E. G. H. Robey, new Metropolitan magistrate, is clearly the son of Sir George Robey, comedian.

But whereas the father's eyebrows used to set the hails in a happy roar, those of the son strike instant awe into the offender's heart. You would not call his glance stern, exactly. It is shrewdly analytical, rather. His eye, ordinarily mild, riddles humbugging defendants, reducing them to "ammer" and shuffle. Fountain-pen in hand, he notes the evidence with neat speed and when he has a question to put or an observation to make does so in a soothing, conversational tone, as if justice were an amiable family party.

Two Smiles

He has two smiles. One is of the understanding, almost compassionate sort. He used this the other day when letting off a white-haired ex-Navy man with long hospital record and a dying wife, who had been hawking postcards in Piccadilly without licence. The other smile is faintly ironical, the smile of a man who has long been amused at

human antics and follies—his own included, perhaps. Like the eyebrows, this smile, which sets the mouth humorously askew, is inherited. I have seen it in photographs taken of the elder Robey at fifteen.

Although his filial affection is unquestioned, I don't suppose Edward Robey will be pleased at my making a point of this. While climbing the ladder as senior legal assistant to the Director of Public Prosecutions (salary: £1,000 to £1,320) during the 'thirties, he was once heard to complain, "I am never allowed to forget I am the son of my father."

Smokescreen

When interviewers ask him whether he ever thought of following in father's footsteps, Robey so far forgets himself as to become sententious, a rare thing for him. He replies: "One comedian in the family is enough. There is more humour in the courts, as well as more drama, than you get in any theatre."

That, of course, is mere smokescreen. Behind the screen, a little wistfully, lurks the second comedian of the Robey family. It has long been known to a small and gleeful circle of friends that he is a demonstrably clever mimic.

His present repertoire includes a learned Recorder and the late Mr Justice Swift, deft caricatures both. He has been known to impersonate his father, too, singing I Stopped, and I Looked, and I Listened, the Innendo number from The Bing Boys, with pained ex-

So instead of being on the stage Mr Edward Robey sits on the bench as a Metropolitan magistrate. But the Robey eyebrows are there. And also in private—the Robey comic touch

By FRANCIS MARTIN

brows which are George Robey in his heyday to the life.

While reading law at Cambridge, he did so well as Bunting and the Lord High Executioner in undergraduate productions of *Patience* and *Mikado* that talent scouts were sent up by impresario D'Oyly Carte, holder of the Gilbert and Sullivan copyrights. Robey turned down their offer and stuck to the law.

And a very good choice it was. His comic talent is to be classed with his hunt for first editions of Edgar

Wallace, H. G. Wells and Rider Haggard, or his passion for gramophone records of Romantic-school music. In other words, it is nothing more than the fringe of a sober, black-coated, striped-trousered life.

The first editions and records are among the amenities of the Robeys' riverside flat at Chelsea. Robey's musical tastes are shared by his wife, formerly Denise Williams, whom he married in 1942, when a corporal in the Home Guard. Jointly with her sister, Mrs Robey inherited £107,773 five years

ago after the death of their parents.

The 18 years (1932-1950) he spent with the Director of Public Prosecutions cut him off from any hope of the plummy fortunes which brilliance earns in private practice but brought him distinction in other ways. By the end of the war his forensic quality was so well proven that Hartley Shawcross picked him as a member of the British legal "eleven" which prosecuted at the Nuremberg war trials.

On The Spot

Robey was on the spot months before the trials opened, working like a beaver. He collated facts, built up damning briefs. While he devilled away as a backroom boy, the upper crust of the British team

got the lights and lenses in the courtroom, presenting cases, examining, cross-examining.

I doubt whether Robey relished this unequal apportioning of glory. At any rate, he withdrew from Nuremberg rather sooner than some had expected, and was obviously happier when back in the home courts, handling a crop of post-war cases. In 1949 he conducted the Haigh murder prosecution on police court level. This brought sold fame. After the Haigh case, Edward Robey's name rode clear and high, no longer eclipsed by that of his father.

Now that he is on the Metropolitan Bench, it looks as if the dilemma of the 'thirties is going to be reversed. Comedian Robey will never be allowed to forget that he is the father of his son.

GET OUT OF THAT ARMCHAIR—AND GET YOUNG

By Chapman Pincher

WHAT ARE YOUR CHANCES OF LIVING TO BE A HUNDRED? THE YEAR'S MOST-DISCUSSED NEWS FEATURE GIVES A HEALTHY ANSWER FROM A LONDON GATHERING OF EXPERTS

muscles to weaken—and muscles make up half the human body.

At the age of 40, muscles—especially those of the arms—begin to lose their "tone," and this aging continues rapidly if they are insufficiently exercised.

Manual work, golf, brisk walking, gardening and any regular physical activity can stave off the aging of muscle, according to Professor E. Bajusz, of Budapest, who has measured the muscle strength of 182 men aged 60 to 65.

He found that in people who had abstained from regular physical effort for several years muscle strength had fallen by up to 32 per cent. In those who had kept up their exercise the fall was only 16 per cent.

SECOND WIND

The professor is convinced that keeping the muscles active after 40 gives them a "second wind" and is a practical way of delaying old age, for good general health goes with well-toned muscles.

His advice was strongly supported by Dr Flanders Dunbar, a leading New York psychologist, who has interviewed scores of U.S. centenarians.

She found that almost all the people who had reached 100 had managed to avoid "dangerous retirement," and had kept them-

selves occupied mentally and physically.

One 105-year-old woman was putting her grandchildren through college by running a gift shop.

When another old woman was asked how many days of her life she had spent in bed, she wrote: "Exactly 45—reason, nine children."

Dr Dunbar was surprised to find that the chance of living to 100 seems to be bigger in the cities where stress and strain are supposed to be greatest. The proportion is much smaller in the "Meccas" for the aging such as California and Florida.

Some centenarians credited their longevity to refraining from tobacco and liquor, just as many attributed it to drinking Scotch and smoking big, black cigars.

The number of old people who remain as active as they were in middle age is surprisingly high. Dr John Pemberton found after a survey in Sheffield.

Dr Pemberton rated six out of every 10 people aged 61 or more, whom he examined, as having "unlimited outdoor mobility."

The number of really fit old people is so high that many businesses are depriving themselves of first-rate employees by having fixed retiring ages of 60 or 65.

This warning was given by Professor R. L. Peterson, of

Illinois University, who has studied more than 3,000 people aged 60 or more in 81 U.S. businesses.

He found that supervisors rated the older workers as more dependable than the younger and less likely to be absent. They did as much work, and it was of better average quality.

"I believe that 70 would be a much more realistic age for compulsory retirement," the professor said. "More than two-thirds of the older workers were rated by their supervisors as having no perceptible weakness which could be attributed to age."

NO DECLINE

Tests by other doctors have shown that when work is not excessive, the mechanical efficiency of the aged human body—judged as a machine—is as high as that of the young body.

In most people there is some falling off of mental power with age, as judged by intelligence tests. But these tests do not take into account important assets like experience, judgment, and the fact that old people prefer to sacrifice speed for accuracy. Dr H. E. Jones, of California pointed out.

Even in intelligence tests about 10 men in every 100 show little or no decline of their powers.

These are usually the men who keep themselves mentally alert by effort and determination.

In short, the firmest advice for those who wish to reach 100 which has yet emerged from this conference is STAY OUT OF THAT ARMCHAIR.

TROUBLE IN THE GLEN

SHED A tear for the whisky distillers.

Now, it seems, they have more good Scotch on their hands than they know what to do with. Since 1949, exports have climbed from eight to 12 million gallons a year. But home consumption—even now that quotas have gone—is standing still at four million.

And production is running at between 27 and 30 million gallons a year.

With 147 million gallons now in stock, the situation looks as though it may get sticky.

The reason is simple enough—Scotch in Britain costs 35 shillings a bottle (and, at that price, it's very ordinary Scotch indeed.)

In 50 years, the tax has risen from 11 shillings to 21 shillings a gallon. Out of the 35 shillings, the distiller gets a bare 10s.6d to cover manufacturing, storage, transportation, and marketing.

Even if he made a heroic effort, and cut a shilling or so of his price, the difference in sales would probably be negligible.

Yet the Chancellor of the Exchequer turns a stony ear on pleas for a cut in the tax—despite the fact that it must have reached the point where a sizable reduction would probably increase the government's total revenue.

John McKenna

JOHNNY HAZARD



NATURE'S POISON PUNCHES

THE STABBERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

Explorer, Naturalist, Author

IN West Africa there are extremely odd travelling performers who wander about the country clothed in, or, rather, festooned in rags, under which they keep, usually next to their skin, what are undoubtedly the world's most extraordinary pets. The animals never leave the men, even when they sleep out in the open. The pets are huge scorpions.

I have witnessed performances put on by several of these strange showmen, and I have yet to encounter anything quite as extraordinary. Not only do the men chase the venomous creatures all about their bodies under their clothes, but they handle them very roughly and without any regard to the deadly stings at the end of their tails.

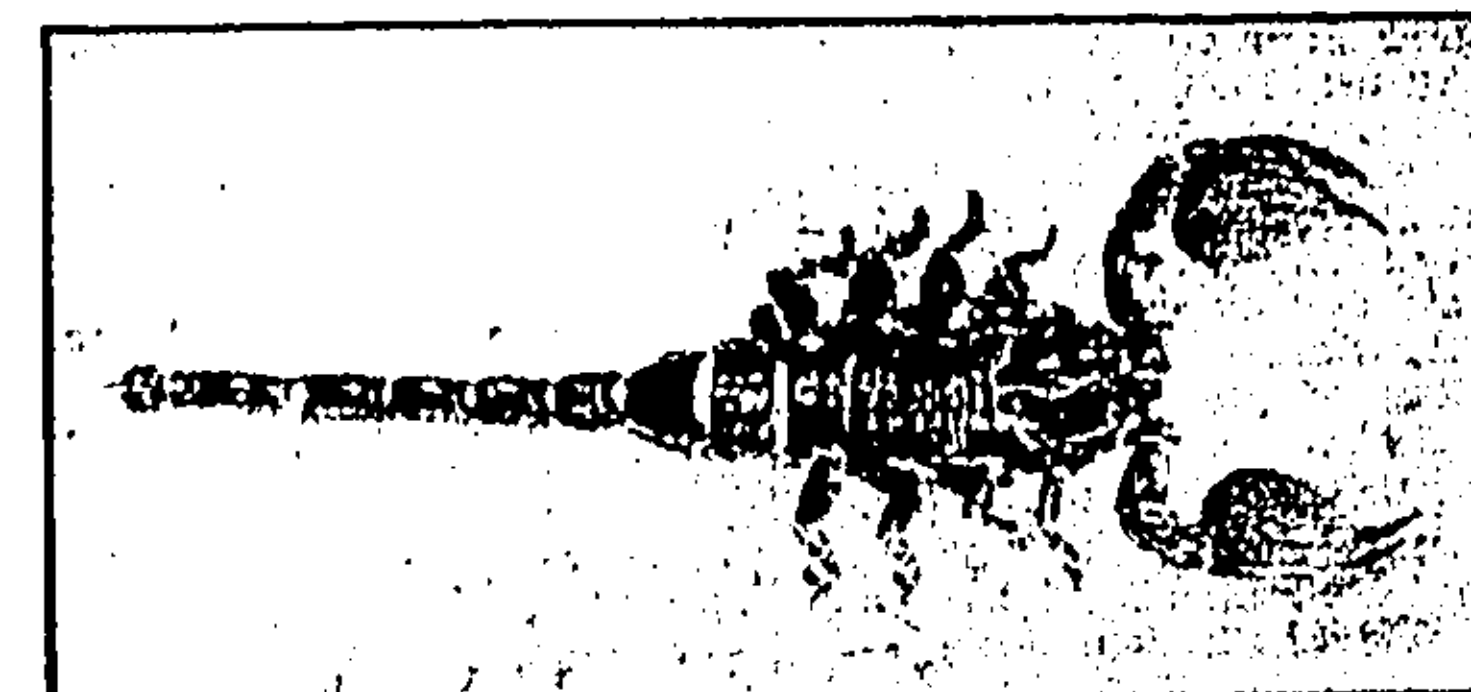
They hold them in their mouths and allow themselves to be "stung" on the lips. They put two big males on their bare forearms and coax them to fight. What is more, they seem to be able to call the animals from their hiding places among their ragged clothes by making little buzzing noises with their lips.

Naturally, my first reaction to these performances was to assume that these particular scorpions were not poisonous,

and many deaths result from chanco strikes every year in areas where it is found. Scorpion stings, however, probably account for far fewer human deaths than those of spiders.

All spiders are poisonous. They have a pair of recurved, piercing daggers called their heads that are perforated like hypodermics and through which poison is squeezed into the wounds inflicted on their live food and enemies. Most are harmless to man because of the small size of their daggers compared to the thickness of our skin, and also the fact that we don't normally handle spiders. However, all spider poison can cause irritation. If injected under your skin in sufficient quantity.

The true tarantulas are small reddish spiders found in Southern Europe, which have relatives in many other parts of the world. They are otherwise known as lycosids, and several of them appear to be very dangerous to man. Another group includes our deadly Black Widow and its relatives which are found all over the world. And wherever they are found they appear to have an evil reputation. There have been several deaths from Black Widows in America every year since earliest colonial days.



The scorpion delivers its poison punch from its tail sting.

but experiments carried out by the government medical officer immediately proved this to be very wrong. The same scorpions that sting the men killed large hairy spiders—often mistakenly called tarantulas—are quite harmless. Several naturalists have made a practice of demonstrating them running about their bare hands, on television and even in education films.

This is a dangerous practice for these great spiders, some of which can jump several feet and so catch and kill birds, can, if they so desire, sink their fangs up to almost half an inch into your flesh and, if they strike a blood vessel, they can inject enough poison to kill you.

At the least, their bites may cause great pain, much local swelling, palpitations and distress, while secondary infections may be introduced, resulting in gangrene. I once saw a native of Haiti well and truly bitten or "stung" by one of these great spiders, and he died in convulsive agony three hours later. It is extremely stupid to play with these creatures.

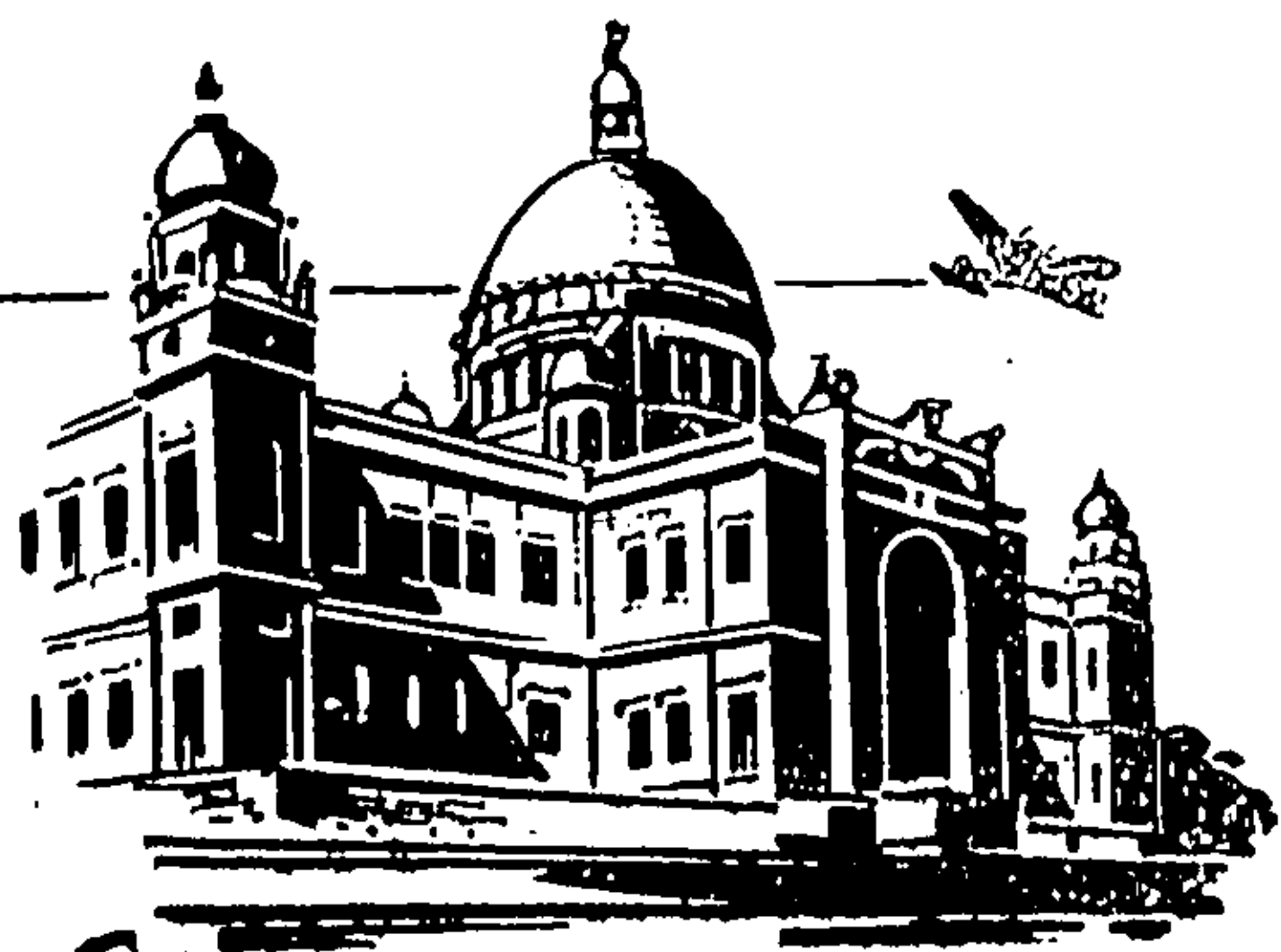
However, the most deadly spiders are undoubtedly those of the Black Widow group, and two of the worst are found in New Zealand and in the United States. Again, the effects of their bites vary greatly due to the condition of both the spider and the person bitten. I was "stung" on the little finger for a few hours.

On the other hand, there are numerous cases reported where the person bitten died within a few hours or, even worse, within a few days. During the intermediate time they suffered the most excruciating agony, pain which spread to the torso, the chest region, while the limbs became rigid and the poison is particularly virulent.

By Frank Robbins

TO CALCUTTA

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

THE HOSTESS APRON

By DOROTHY BARKLEY



Elizabeth has sketched two of the new aprons:
LEFT: The model in the cocktail dress wears a frilly style in spotted cotton.

RIGHT: The model in the velvet jeans chooses a cover-up apron in red checked gingham. It has a bib front and wide straps that are practically sleeves.

LONDON'S apron manufacturers want Mum to be the glamour girl of the kitchen.

Faced with the fact that nowadays she usually cooks the meal and serves it too, they have started making fancy aprons for her to wear when she entertains at home.

Elizabeth and I have been looking at some of these fancy aprons—they're called hostess aprons—and Elizabeth has sketched two favourite styles.

One is a "cover-up" in red gingham with full skirt, bib front and wide straps that are practically sleeves. Another is fluffier for those who like frills and bows.

We gave these aprons three stars because—

PRETTY, PRACTICAL

• They are practical. You keep them on all the time—while you put the finishing touches to the meal in the kitchen and while you served up—and there's no need to think you might spoil your dress.

• They are easy to make. You need just a few yards of colourful checked gingham, striped cotton or even felt. They can be bought in the stores, but those who like to be exclusive make their own.

• They are pretty, and if you match one to the colour of the dress you are wearing, it will look effective.

Too good for cooking, you say? A waste of money? Don't believe it. Practical things can be pretty, need cost no more than plain—and the hard-worked housewife probably prefers them pretty.

TWEEDS FOR DIOR

Scottish tweed made up by Dior... that's something worth seeing. And Scottish tweed is just what Dior has chosen for his new collection.

The tweed is being made specially for him by weavers on the Isle of Bute off the West Coast of Scotland.

It will be in new colours and patterns chosen by Dior to break away from traditional "heather" mixtures. But these colours and patterns are a secret between Dior and the weavers... until next month.

This is an honour for Bute's weavers, for their industry is still quite a young one. Only seven years ago the Marquess of Bute decided to start it, to provide a livelihood for the men back from the war, or who had married local girls, and wanted to settle on the island.

Besides making tweeds for top London and Paris dress-makers, the Bute weavers have carried out orders for the Royal Family. The Queen and the Queen Mother have both bought lengths of Bute tweed, and Prince Charles' kilt was woven in Bute.

Make the best of what nature has given you

Transformation Done In Thirty Minutes

LONDON. SHE is a brunette with lovely hazel eyes. Her face has a definite oval shape, accentuated by the low hairline at the sides. Her nose is straight, her mouth rosebud.

These features, together with a mass of fine dark hair, were the chief assets of the face I was studying so carefully. It belonged to Mrs. Greta Burton. She is only 19, and she works as a secretary in Grosvenor House. And she is the first subject in a new transformation series.

THE REMEDY

Her mouth has a short upper lip with a definite cupid's bow, and a much fuller lower lip. All she needs is to take the colour right into the corners of the upper lip, being careful to outline it exactly on the natural shape.

The brush should not be taken into the corners of the lower lip, and should be drawn along the inside of the natural outline, instead of on it.

We also had to find the right colour and quality of powder to bring out the best in her colouring and to remedy the greasiness of her skin. It had to be not too pink and not too yellow, and we solved the problem by blending two powders.

Mrs. Burton's eyebrows are beautifully dark with an attractive uplift but when she saw the tweezers, she said, "I never pluck them because it hurts."

Well, it does the first time because the deep roots have to be got out, but a pluck or two a day after that keeps the stragglers in control and you will hardly feel anything at all.

NO CHEATING Mrs. Burton's hair grows low at the sides of her forehead. This gives a narrow look to the top of her face, accentuated in her old style by parting the hair at the side and pulling it straight back, with no hint of softness.

We could easily have cheated and gone to a hairdresser for that professional touch, but we were determined to stick to our original intentions of showing how easy it is to keep up the good work at home. Armed with a mass of hairpins, and a damp comb, we started by parting her parting and breadth of the waves, and the whole effect is much softer.

It is fine, but manageable hair, with a wish to wave, so it set easily, even under my unprofessional hands. The result is a much better balanced face and head. The narrowness is counteracted by the centre parting and breadth of the waves, and the whole effect is much softer.

Transformation time: 30 minutes. — Lady Boyle

The delicate oval of her face should be accentuated by careful colouring and rouging.

"But I never use rouge," said Mrs. Burton.

Well, she should. The width of her cheekbones and her pointed chin make the right touch of colour essential for her face. We started high up, shadowing level with the eyes, gradually spreading it across the cheekbones, and narrowing down on a level with the nose. The colour should match the lipstick, but there is a rouge that blends automatically with every shade.

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TURBAN WITH CURLS

Trenton, N. J. can be worn at least two ways—one with the curls at the front, as bangs; and two, at the back, as a chignon. The turban section comes in red, black, white, powder blue, sand beige and pink. The bangs are auburn, blonde, brunette, brown, black and grey.

Both the turban and the attached curls are washable, and the manufacturer says the tur-

MAGIC IS THE MOOD . . .

By Dr. ARTHUR CHESBY

THERE is Mr. FLOP, lounging in his deck chair and marvelling at the energy of the girl in the picture.

Mr. Flop is the man who scorns exercise and believes in seeking fitness by rest and relaxation.

Good for him so far. There is as much to be said for relaxing as there is for vigorous exercise.

But is Mr. Flop the take-it-easy man he thinks he is? Many apparently lazy people are in fact extremely tense. They can "rest" all day and still never relax.

And many energetic people are of the relaxed type. An ability to relax makes them all the more energetic.

Now relax

Which are you? Well, you can find out now—and this is how to do it.

Lie back in your beach deck-chair, close your eyes, relax completely—and STOP THINKING. Can you do it? It is ex-

tremely difficult not to think of anything at all. You will find all sorts of things come rushing into your mind.

But the truly relaxed man is the one who "just sits"—not the one who "sits and thinks." For a relaxed mind is as important as a relaxed body; in fact, the one is impossible without the other.

It's fun

All right, suppose you just cannot help thinking of something, then what do you think about?

Pleasant things? Or do you worry? A lot depends on the answer. For you can help think your way to fitness. Just as you feel wretched when you are ill, you can make yourself ill by feeling wretched.

So if you choose Mr. Flop's take-it-easy way then be sure your mind takes it easy too.

For the secret of holiday health is the holiday MOOD. And that is the mood which, both for Mr. Flop and the girl in the picture, makes it FUN to be FIT.

SHE'S FIT, this ZIPP girl in the picture by the sea. You can be too, if you join her in the (below) by JOSEPH ED-MUNSON.



So to the third exercise—for legs, hips, stomach, and arms. Stand with feet comfortably apart and start swinging your arms across the body to shoulder height on each side (Fig. 3). As you get the "feel" of the rhythm increase the range of the swing by "giving" at the hip, knee and ankle finger-tips are just brushing the joints, so that in the end stand and also swinging sideways as high as you can reach.

Try 'Tag'

After the exercises the keep-fit games, starting with one for warming-up when you've just had a swim. It's for four people, and it's called "One Against Three."

The three join hands in a circle; the fourth stays outside. The outside player has to try to "tag" one member (named beforehand) of the circle by running round the outside without ducking under or reaching over the arms. The circle, of course, can make void or move about to avoid the "tag" being made.

Now how about a "boat-race"? It's for eight people.

Divide the eight into two teams of four. Each team forms a "boat" with knees, "full back," and member facing the other. The boat with hands on the shoulders of the one in front, moving to right and left alternately.

R-E-A-C-H FOR IT MISS ZIPP

There she is on the beach—Miss Zipp, the girl who likes to keep FIT the FUN way. Ready to join her? For you too can have fun keeping fit... and get the best out of your holiday.

Today the tempo is a little smarter, but first, a simple s-t-r-e-t-c-h exercise.

Walk about with one arm raised forwards, and every two or three steps swing up one leg and try to kick your hand (Fig. 1). Do this for a minute or so. Easy!

HERE'S THE ZIPP WAY TO Z-E-T

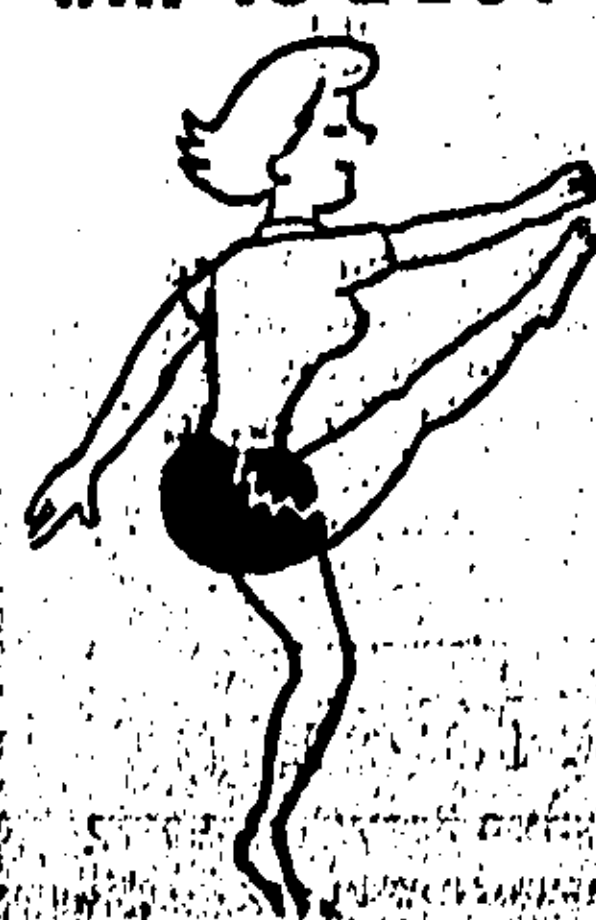


Fig. 2... good for a 'tune'

Why 'Good' Parents Rear 'Bad' Children

Chicago. HOW can "good" parents rear "bad" children? What accounts for the juvenile delinquent who comes from a normal family?

Those questions are on the minds of most parents. Two authorities, who have been studying the questions for more than a decade, give this answer:

Without knowing it themselves, the parents of the juvenile delinquent have encouraged him in developing a poor conscience.

The report was made in the Journal of American Medical Association.

It came from Dr. Adelaide M. Johnson of the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minn., and Dr. B. A. Sprink of the University of California.

They studied child delinquency in especially "normal" families of good reputation. The major cause, the doctors said, "came from parents who were too strict."

The doctors said that in cases of juvenile delinquency, both parents and child should be treated.

On the surface, the doctors said, the parent seems to be doing right by the child—scolding him for misdeeds, telling him not to steal, warning him not to be good.

But, unconsciously, the parent expresses his pleasure at what the child did wrong—perhaps by a smile, by demanding the details of the forbidden act, by getting too angry and so concerned.

"Children are masters at sensing parental interest or gratification, however subtle, at the naughtiness," the doctors said.

Parents cannot expect their children to be honest when they smile at keeping too much change from the "grocer" or encourage children to understate their ages to get into a movie at half price, the doctors said.

The doctors said that in cases of juvenile delinquency, both parents and child should be treated.

When the parent "smiles" at the child's misdeeds, the child learns that his misdeeds are not serious.

Dr. Johnson said that in cases of juvenile delinquency, both parents and child should be treated.

WATERPROOF ETERNA

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yet you are going to expose it to all kinds of dangers: rain, soap-lather, dust, perhaps even perfume and powder—all these are deadly enemies of your watch and can prove fatal to the mechanism and oils inside it! It is a gruelling test. That is why, if you prize accuracy above all, you must insist on a watch that is absolutely waterproof—only then can you be sure of lasting precision. • The Eterna waterproof guarantees enduring accuracy. • It is shock-protected, antimagnetic and completely impervious to damp and dust—thus it assures you of time-security under all the conditions of everyday life.

ETERNA



EARLY this week, His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr R. B. Black, paid a visit to the Department of the Registrar General, Supreme Court, and studied the work of the many sections. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. R. R. Todd, Secretary for Chinese Affairs, and Mrs Todd examine a modern sprayer in the laundry section of the Po Leung Kuk's new domestic science building, which Mrs Todd opened on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. Sir Man-kam and Lady Lo greeting their son, Tak-shing, at Kai Tak Airport on Monday. A student at King's College, Taunton, Somerset, Tak-shing returned by air to spend the summer holiday with his family. (Staff Photographer)



AT the cocktail party given to celebrate Mr Victor Lam's admission as a solicitor last Saturday. From left: Mr Lam, Mr R. W. S. Winter, Mr G. Lee and Mr O. V. Cheung. (Mainland)



HIS Excellency the Governor of Macao, Rear Admiral Joaquim Marques Esparteiro, Senhora Esparteiro and their daughter, Maria Helena, at the party given in their honour by Mr and Mrs A. V. Alvares. The Governor and his family are spending a short holiday in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



MRS L. G. Morgan, wife of the Acting Director of Education, presenting certificates to graduate teachers at the Northcote Training College graduation exercises on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



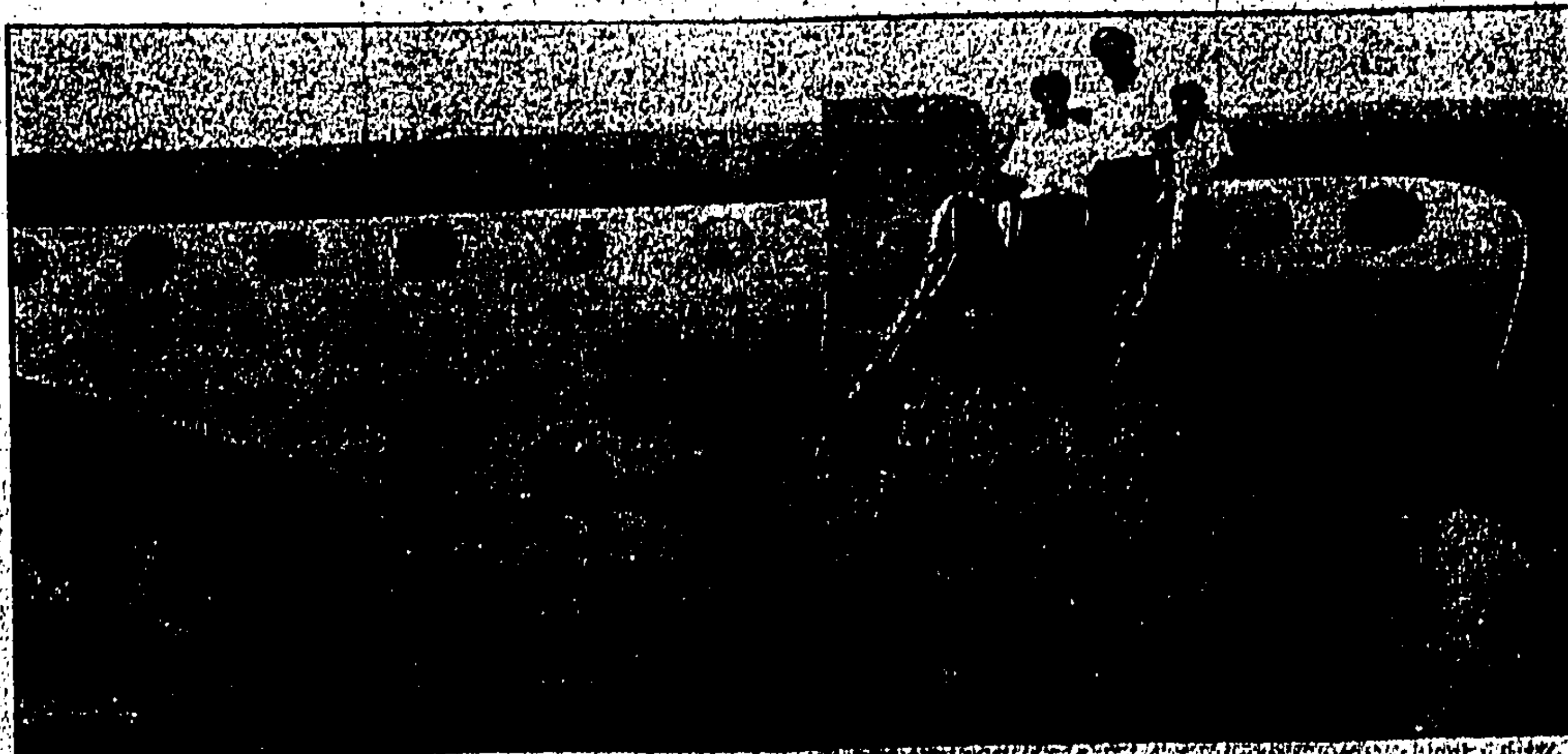
BELOW: Group picture taken at St John's Cathedral after the christening of Alan John, son of Mr and Mrs John Pottigrew. (C. K. Pang)



RIGHT: Miss Margo Blenkinsop cutting a cake at a party given for her by her friends before her departure for England. (Willie's)



BIRTHDAY party of Mario E. Guillen, Jr, and Jose Manuel Guillen, sons of Mr and Mrs Mario E. Guillen, Panamanian Consul-General. Mario is four, and Jose one year old. (Willie's)



GROUP of friends of Mr Dave Levin, manager of New South China and Commercial Bank, at the party given for him by his friends. (Willie's)

Next week —

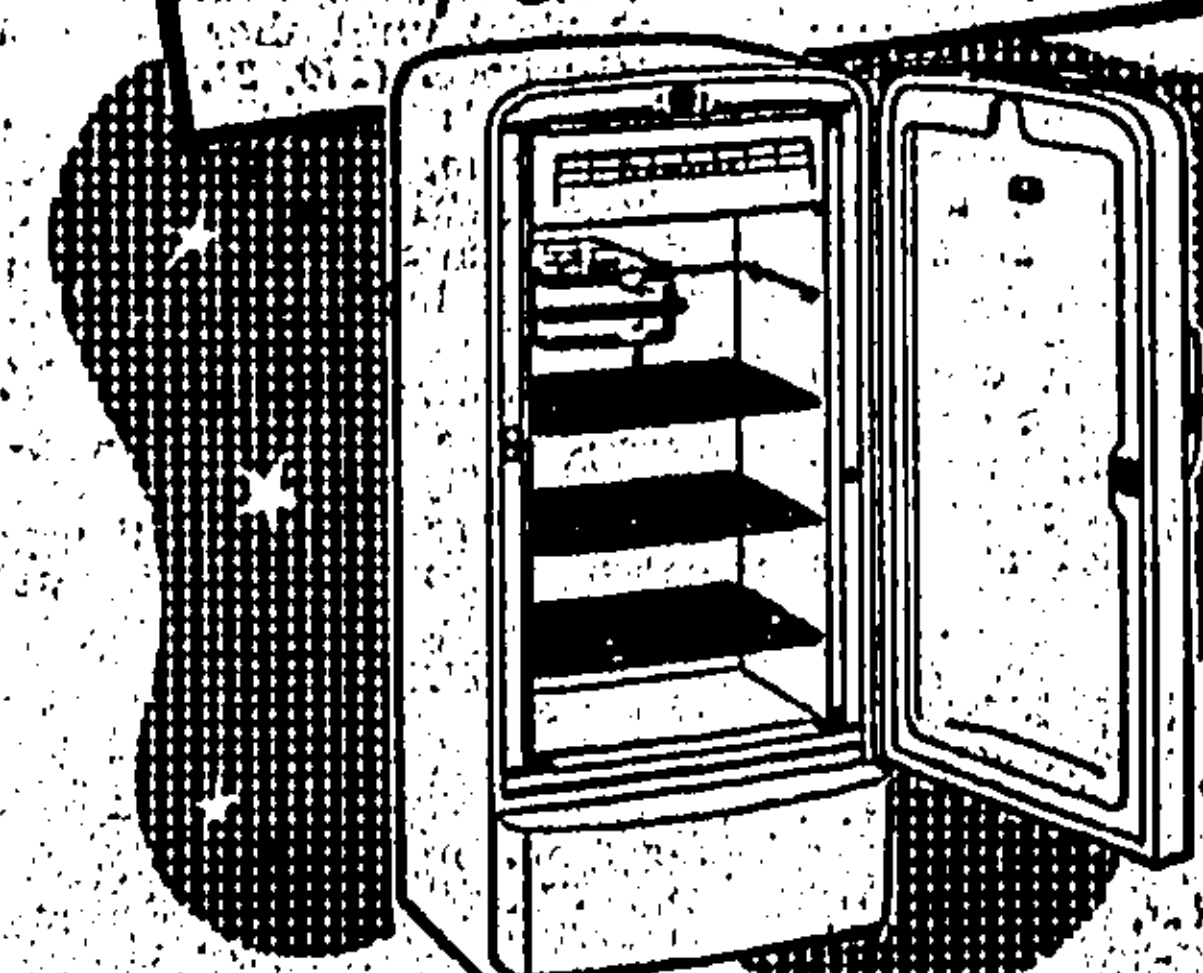
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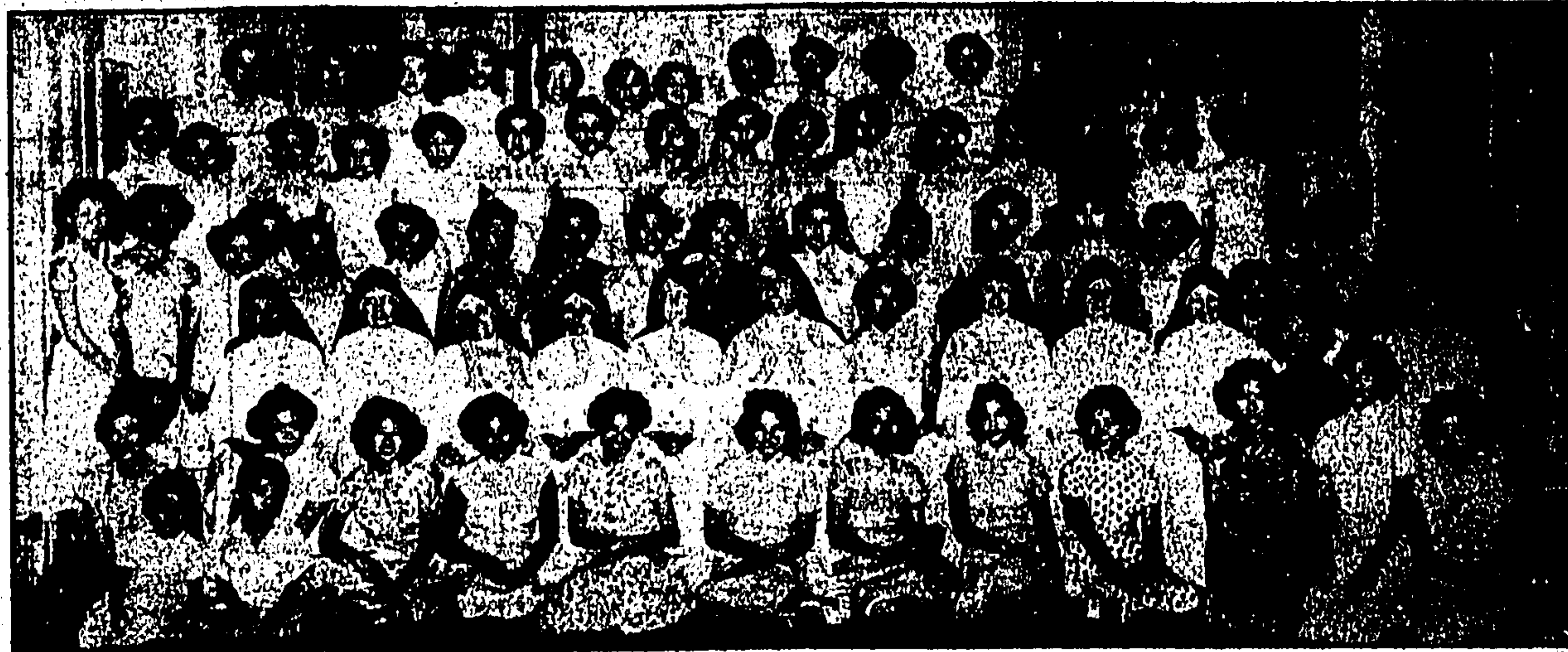
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GILMANS

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AT the cocktail party given aboard INS Delhi during the goodwill visit of the Indian Naval Flotilla to Hongkong. Rear Admiral F. A. Ballance, Flotilla Commander (second from left), and Captain A. K. Chatterjee, of INS Delhi, seen with guests. Right: The Band of the cruiser Delhi performing in the Botanical Gardens. Below: Players who took part in the friendly hockey match between the Indian Flotilla and the Army in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP photo taken at the farewell party given by former students in honour of Sister Mary de Ricci, Headmistress of Maryknoll Convent School, on her retirement last Saturday. Sister Ricci is seated sixth from left in second row. (Ming Yuen)



RIGHT: Christening at the Union Church last Sunday of Angus Rodger, baby son of Mr and Mrs T. R. MacLean. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Members of the Hongkong Underwater Club getting ready to invade the depths off Salkung last Sunday. (Mrs R. V. Telgg)



FRIENDS of Miss Marie-Cecile Basto, daughter of Mr and Mrs C. P. Basto, gathered at her home last Saturday for her birthday party. (Willie's)



THE Misses Marie-Francis (left) and Bernadette Kong, hostesses aboard the Air India International Constellation which arrived here on Tuesday on a flying visit. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Mr. Terence Peter Kirby and his bride, Mrs. Kirby, at their wedding reception. (C. C. Lee)

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in
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AS EVEN
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SHOWN BEFORE

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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Cure for nail chewing requires

A PSYCHOLOGICAL APPROACH

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

QUESTION: I would like any kind of suggestion on the cure of nail chewing. My son is now 13 and has chewed his nails since early childhood and is getting worse. Have tried many remedies but all were useless.

Answer: Nail chewing is a psychological problem. Direct approaches to the habit such as scolding, shaming, persuading, etc., are useless because they merely emphasize what you want the child to forget.

A child who chews his nails has problems which he can neither overcome nor endure. It is quite possible that professional help may be necessary. This should begin by consulting the family doctor who may advise seeing a psychiatrist.

Many Causes

The factors which often cause nail biting in children include the following:

1. Difficulties in school which may mean trouble with lessons or bullying by larger and older children, or failure to be accepted by his school companions,

or conflict between teacher and child.

2. Feeling of inadequacy in relation to other members of the family including parents who expect too much of a child or who try to force him into studies or accomplishments such as music, dancing, etc., in which he is not interested. Children of highly successful parents often feel that they can never measure up to the accomplishments of their parents.

3. If there are other children and there is any real or imagined favoritism among them, the one who feels himself discriminated against may resort to nail chewing.

4. At 13, boys begin to realize the approach of manhood and they have problems with certain manifestations of sexual maturity which may trouble them and give them guilt feelings if they do not understand them. Complexion problems may have a similar effect. At this age, boys are frequently despised by girls of the same age who have matured more rapidly and prefer boys somewhat older.

5. At 13, a boy may have worries about what he is going to be when he grows up and whether he will be able to make

a living and to establish a family.

6. If parents are over-critical of the awkwardness, moodiness and indecision of a boy in his early teens, they may, without realizing it, create the impression that they do not love him and this may give him serious concern.

Winning Confidence

The proper approach to the problem is to talk with the boy — not making a formal occasion of it because this will probably cause him to "blow up." The school should be visited and teachers, supervisors, the principal and the public health nurse or school physician consulted, but not in the presence of the boy. The boy's playmates and pals, of both sexes, should be encouraged to visit in the home and the relationships carefully but inconspicuously observed.

A health examination by the family doctor will give opportunity for him to talk with the boy. This doctor should be warned previously about the boy's problems and parents should not accompany him to the office of the physician. Physical education instructors and athletic coaches, Boy Scout or other youth leaders may be helpful. So may clergymen.

Trying to crash through this boy's reserve will simply make matters worse. His confidence must be won by evidence of trust, affection and pride in his accomplishments. The things he does well must be emphasized and praised while his failures must be corrected gently and unobtrusively.

MAKING HOME FRAGRANT

IT'S wise to "summerise" the house, keeping the interior as cool, as comfortable and as pleasant as possible by day and night. Away with the extras, the bric-a-brac, the dust-catchers, however pretty! This not only makes for cooler rooms but it makes for less work, too.

Have a house that is clean and that smells clean. Air every room every day. Air mattresses, blankets and clothes. Have everything as clean and odour-free as possible.

Invest in a good electric ventilator in the kitchen. It keeps the cook cool and it keeps food and cooking odours from seeping through the house.

SHOW SUBTLETY

Add fragrance to a clean smell for cool comfort; not heavy fragrance, but light, flowery odours. Pine or lavender-scented disinfectants in kitchen and bathroom make for pleasant surroundings.

Spreading a pleasant scent through the house takes almost no time and gives great pleasure and comfort when it's hot. Floral fragrances are delicious in the summer, but the menfolk vote for pine as first favourite.

Aromatics must be subtly used, must have a surprise character and should not completely pervade the house. And the delicate odour of

lavender or rose there, is a delight as is opening a bureau drawer and receiving a whiff of something light and delicious. And to slide in between clean sheets subtly reminiscent of a field of lavender, clover or verbena is a treat.

Lavender sachets, pine and balsam-filled pillows, pomander balls, potpourri-filled containers, floral colognes sprayed over light bulbs—all these do a wonderful work.

GOOD FOR MORALE

Investigate the wonderful lacquer scents and use these on unpainted surfaces such as the interior of bureau drawers, under closet shelves, on hangers, under chair seats. Lacquer scents, made by a pioneer person, come in each of the delightful odours as white lilac, carnation, rose and gardenia. The same house specialises in scented flannel drawer pads, too.

How about making sachet pads to fit dressing-table drawers, closet shelves, hat boxes and clothes hangers?

Go in for fragrance outdoors, too. It's a knowing gardener who plants fragrant shrubs and vines near windows that will be open during spring and summer. Lilac, roses and honeysuckle bestow their fragrance generously. Carry the perfume indoors by augmenting it through the house with synthetic or natural fragrance. Any and all of these are grand for the morale, too, when working around the house on a warm day.

— Eleanor Ross

Symptoms Of Disease Revealed By Hands

By H. N. BUNDESEN, M.D.

THE simple handshake between doctor and patient may at times be the key to the diagnosis of the patient's illness. The hand can give a clue to many serious diseases.

A person with a flabby, cold, wet hand may be suffering from a severe type of nervousness. A shaky hand may also be characteristic of this disorder, or it may be due to some type of thyroid disease. Fingers with severe tobacco stains may also be a sign of nervousness, as the short and chewed fingernails.

Like shaking cases of heart failure, a patient may be suggested by a shortening and thickening of the fingers. These changes are also characteristic of atherosclerosis of the arteries.

A doctor thinks that a hand that is cold, clammy, and sometimes tingling, is a sign of a person's illness. The hand is a mirror of the body. The fingers are particularly sensitive to changes in the body. The hand can give a clue to many serious diseases.

A person with a flabby, cold, wet hand may be suffering from a severe type of nervousness. A shaky hand may also be characteristic of this disorder, or it may be due to some type of thyroid disease. Fingers with severe tobacco stains may also be a sign of nervousness, as the short and chewed fingernails.

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For a complete and thorough mixing job, a flat wooden paddle should be used, not the favourite makeshift broom handle or any old piece of wood. Paints should be thoroughly stirred when they have been standing but a short time, and if they should be left standing long enough for a liquid to settle on top, liquid should be carefully poured off and the settled paint stirred and stirred until the lumps and, indeed, even the finest coagulation, disappear. The liquid is then poured back very slowly, stirring constantly to achieve a smooth and even consistency in the mixture.

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How To Improve Your Painting Skill

ACCORDING to a recent survey, five of the major problems faced by the amateur painter are uneven colour or gloss streaking, change of colour, poor masking of the surface being painted and slow drying.

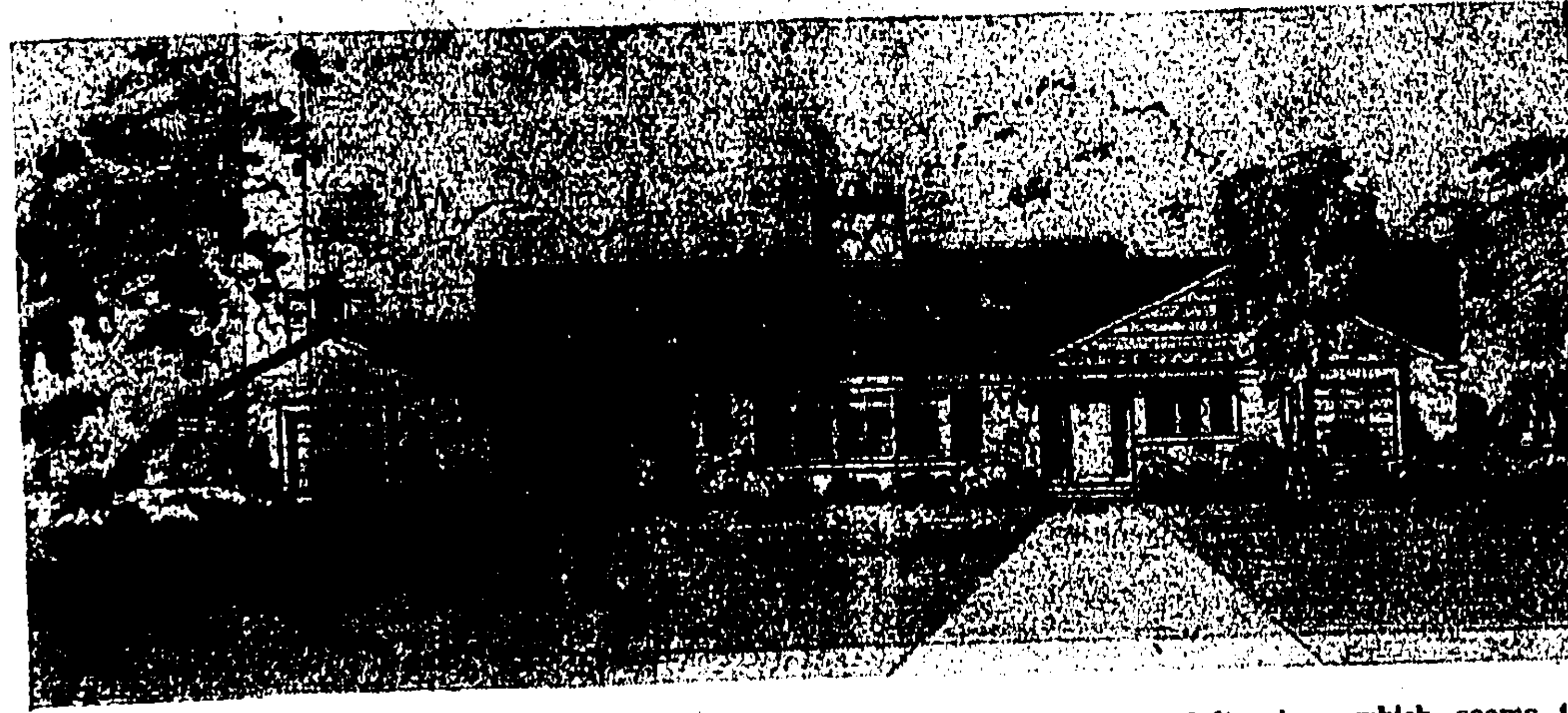
Experts say that these faults can be avoided by mixing the paints properly before the job is started. It is the uneven distribution of the pigment and the colour, caused by poor mixing, that results in these streaks and blotchy variations. When properly stirred, the more liquid part of the paint will dry glossy. Too much liquid will increase the drying time and reduce the effectiveness of the paint's "hiding" or masking power.

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A House That Has Everything



THIS HOUSE appears larger than it is. The trick is achieved with the left wing, which seems to be a room because of its front window. Actually, it's a garage, accessible from a driveway at the side of the house. Construction is fieldstone and wood siding.

By Joan O'Sullivan

SOME homes seemingly have everything. This is one of them. It's a spacious design, which calls for landscaped acreage as a background for its beauty. Inside, the home is planned to perfection.

The living-dining combination, a spacious area, is flooded with light from a rear wall of windows, which provides a delightful view of the garden.

For Summer Barbecues

At the dining end of the room, a doorway leads to an informal outdoor terrace. Placed in back of the garage, the terrace doesn't take up needless garden space. A fireplace grill makes it the perfect place for summer barbecues.

The living-dining area is certainly set for summer, but it's wonderful in winter, too, with a huge fireplace providing a warm note of welcome for winter guests.

The kitchen is more than a kitchen. It's also a breakfast nook and laundry. There's a built-in snack bar in the nook which is almost all windows, plus plenty of counter and cabinet space in the kitchen work area.

From the laundry, a side exit leads to the attached garage. This is just one of the convenient features of the plan. Should the man of the house be busy at the garage workbench, he doesn't have to tramp around to the front of the house to get inside.

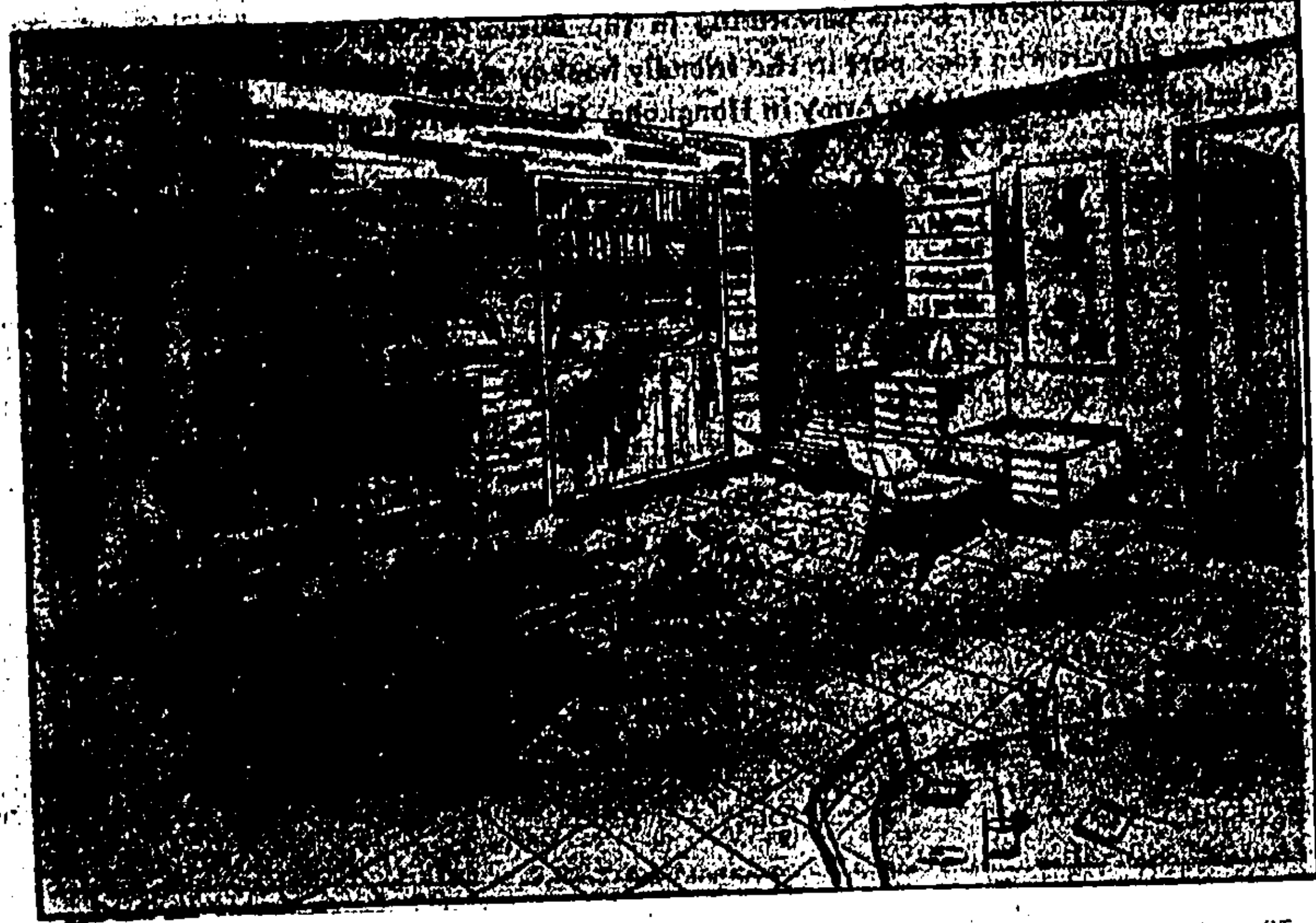
Activities Room

An activities room is another delightful addition to the plan. It looks out on the front grounds, and makes a charming gathering place. There's a fireplace here, too, but it's economically planned, since it backs the living room fireplace.

A separate nook, accessible from the activities room, holds heating radiators. Sleeping quarters are set so one side of the house for full privacy. Each of the three bedrooms is well lighted and has double closets. The corner rear bedroom opens on the yard.

Near the sleeping area, a large bath features two linen closets, while a third bath is located just outside the main house.

Household hints

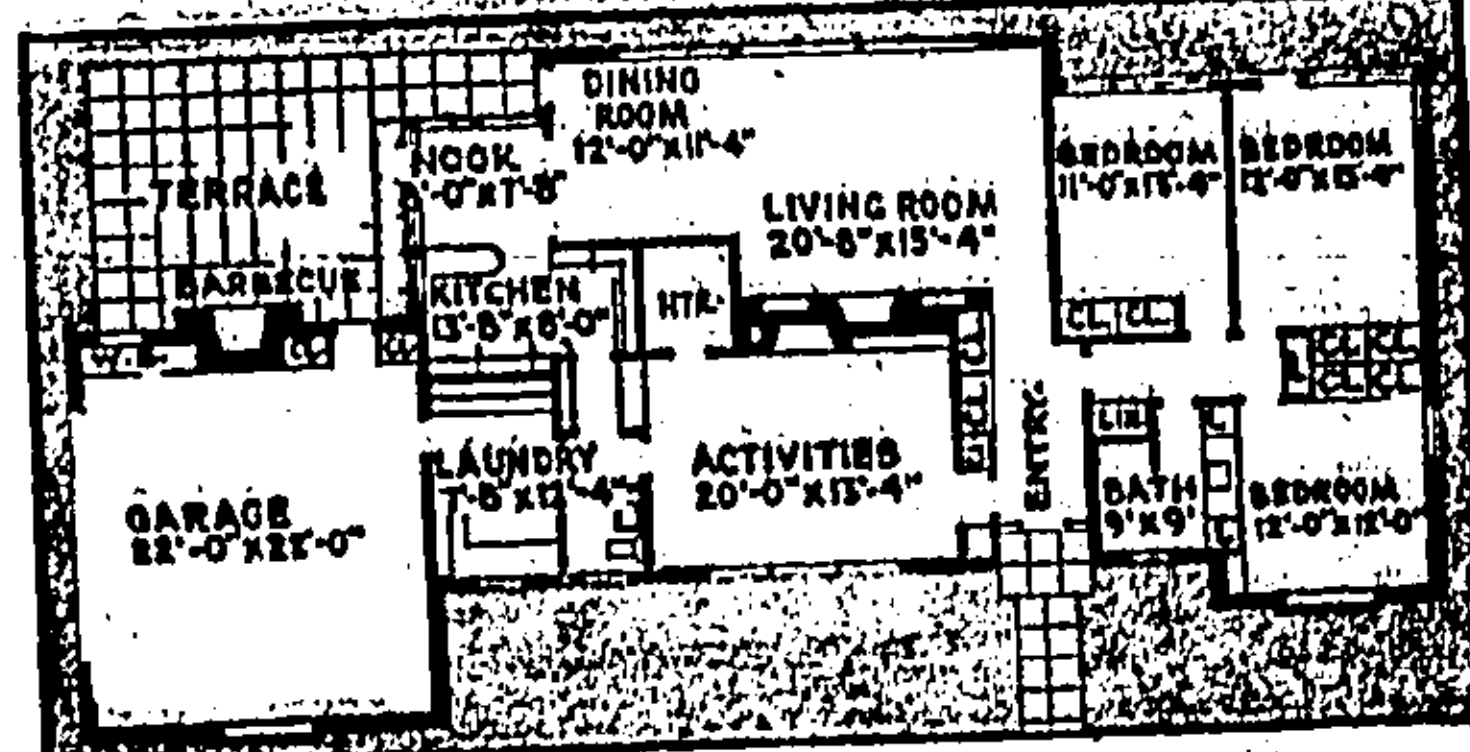


PLANNED TO PERFECTION, today's home has everything, including an activity room which features a fireplace. The latter is designed with economy in mind. It backs the living room fireplace wall.

Designed in the same manner as the home—even to a front window—the garage gives the house a longer line. This and the bedroom wing are slightly projected to provide balance for the design.

Closets are plentiful in this home, but that's obvious from the moment you enter the front door. In addition to the usual guest closet, there are two all-purpose closets just inside the entry hall.

The plan comprises 27,507 cubic feet.



THREE BEDROOMS, all well lighted and with double closets, are at one side of the house. The back bedroom opens on the yard.

QUICK-TO-COOK MEATS NEEDN'T BE EXPENSIVE

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

WHEN the ladies ask questions at our personal appearances, I tell them that I am always sure to eat what meats, other than the expensive steaks and chops, will make quick dinners.

"Now, if the lady does not have to economise, these high-priced meats are okay to serve."

Don't Eat Up Profits

But if she is a housewife with a family and a job, as I am, it is often the case that her family is short of money. It is certainly very foolish to waste on two jobs and then to buy the meats by buying expensive cuts of meat. It is better to buy the cheaper cuts and make them into quick dinners.

Household hints

meat such as round or flank steak, for quick cooking; bake shoulders, lamb and pork chops in many ways; use all-purpose, quick-cooking chicken and prepare enough for two meals at a time; and learn a few ways to use chopped meat.

"Our baked beef dumpling stew with vegetables is different, appetising and a real money saver," I observed. "It takes less than an hour to prepare. That will make one enough to have a rubarb-strawberry tart."

Double-Quick Dinner

Grapefruit Sections
Baked Layer, Dumpling Stew
Tomato-Cucumber Salad
Rhubarb-Strawberry Tart
Hot or Cold Corn or Tea Milk
Fried Potatoes, Mashed Potatoes
Baked Ham, Baked Beans
Pasta and Grapes. Make dumplings and finish stew.

All Measurements Are Level
Recipe: 1 lb. beef, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 lb. dumplings, 1 lb. tomatoes, 1 lb. grapes, 1 lb. pasta, 1 lb. corn, 1 lb. milk, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 lb. ham, 1 lb. beans, 1 lb. grapes, 1 lb. dumplings, 1 lb. finish stew.

boil cubes, 1 tsp. meat sauce, 2 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. pepper, and 1 c. tomatoes.

Cover and simmer 25 min. or until the vegetables are tender.

Meanwhile, prepare dumpling dough, shaping the dumplings with a very small cutter.

To complete the stew, put a 1-in. layer of the meat and vegetables in a casserole. Layer with 1/3 of the dumplings. Add several inches more stew; put on a second layer of dumplings. Spoon over the remaining stew; top with remaining dumplings. Bake 30 min. uncovered in a hot oven, 425° F.

WITH Les Armour IN Britain Today

The Magic Porridge

A SCOTTISH doctor, reporting on the insomnia situation, advises that a "plate of good thick porridge" is worth several hours' sleep counting and has a considerable margin on hot drinks and long walks in the open air.

In this corn-flake-eating age, the sedative properties of porridge can only be a matter of conjecture for most of us. But we may as well take the doctor at his word.

The difficulty is to explain the phenomena.

Why should a plate of thick porridge share some of the magic powers of a stout blow on the head?

Being a Scot, the doctor is doubtless of the opinion that porridge begins and ends with oatmeal. (The potent milk-grain cereal which, we understand, makes veritable giants out of unwilling American small boys does not seem to have penetrated these islands.)

The question, then, is why should a plate of succulent oats outdo a plate of hot beans?

What is the mysterious property of the oat?

So far as we are aware, the oat is principally renowned as a horse fodder. The tendency among the horses on which we occasionally wager the odd two bob to drop dead, fall asleep, or trot off in the wrong direction in search of heavenly know-how would seem to confirm the stupefying effect.

Yet some horse or other, backed by some more cunning sort and also fed on oats, invariably streaks down the track as if it was bent on outrunning the Flying Scotman.

The only conclusion can be that the magic is not in the oats at all but in the Scotsmen who process the oats.

One imagines the learned doctor serenading his pot with a fiendish skill of the bagpipes and calling upon the ancient gods of the Flets and the Vikings to weave the required spell. No doubt this sort of ceremony goes on, behind locked doors, in every reputable insomnia-afflicted Scottish household.

But the doctor has forgotten to give us the words of the incantation.

Crackers Too

THINGS must be pretty hard in the underworld these days.

From Derby comes a report of a thief who smashed a chemist's window and took six bottles of nerve tonic.

Ordinary everyday senseless kleptomaniacs? Don't you believe it. The smash-and-grab trade requires the precise timing and delicacy of the professional.

The bungling garden-variety klepto would find himself in a screaming world of burglar alarms, scurrying cops, and outraged citizens in the twinkling of an eye. He'd probably precede his visit to the bank with a visit to the hospital for treatment of a gashed hand.

No. The boys are obviously being driven off their nuts.

What with the law sending old lags off for years and years, psychologists giving fatherly talks to the youngsters, and rumours that the Yard may turn to with radar any day now, life in the underworld is a pretty nerve-racking business.

Moreover, competition from Teddy boys, coal boys, and gangs who thump old ladies is crowding the field. The respectable professional with his delicate touch, his unobtrusive habits, and his sense of the fitness of things faces a community which would probably not even bat an eye at thumping old ladies himself into cold storage for a long stretch.

Joe Blogs can hardly be finding much joy in life these days.

One imagines him returning home after a hard night's work ruined by a gang of teddy boys who chose to whoop it up in the alley just as he had worked Lord Turnip's door open and was feeling out the safe combination.

Joe goes into his now-battered easy chair while Mrs Joe brews up a pot of tea.

She is solicitous: "and night Joe? Not more of them social workers followin' you around? And for trade them?"

Joe shakes his head: "Flopinn' teddy boys again. Muckin' about in the alley, they was. Spent out the social workers yesterday. Told me it was dangerous for the safe, believe me."

"Though o'd ave me a nice slice of Jeweller's shop. But no luck. Bunkin' American soldiers singin' 'an' dahn the street. Think they'd go to bed nah and then like us respectable citizens. 'So took me 'off to Lord Turnip's 'ole. Just gottin' in nice like when along comes these 'ere Teddy boys."

Mrs Joe is thoughtful for a moment. "I know wot you wants — a good dose o' nerve tonic. They got some nice stuff dohn in the corner chemist. Off with you now. The boat cop won't be back for an hour. Just time for a quick smash and grab."

Just Sit And Sit....

THE men who see all, hear all, and tell all have been at it again.

Her Majesty's compliers of quizzes and fibbers of former have just shattered the most cherished and guarded of all the great male myths.

For thousands, perhaps millions, of years men have been coming home at night, kicking off their shoes, mumbled a word or two about "the terrible grind" and relaxing in a corner.

Patiently, wives have put up with us, children have done their feeble best to "keep quiet because daddy is tired," and even dogs have learned that they can expect only a muttered curse.

Now it is all over. The Ministry of Health has investigated. They find that most of us spend as much energy lying in an armchair as we do in genuine work.

A check on 137 "normal, healthy men," mostly engaged in industrial jobs at Slough in Buckinghamshire, discloses that the average man sits in his chair for 38 hours a week.

In addition, he spends 60 hours a week in bed.

Work? Everything that could conceivably be called work takes up only 47 hours a week.

As for chopping wood, bringing up coal and doing the household "fetching and carrying," we have managed to spread our myth so well that the average man can get off with an average of six minutes a week at this kind of thing.

Moreover, we are about the most slothful creatures ever to show up on the face of the earth.

Even playing darts at the local is too much for most of us. Sitting is the favourite relaxation. Sometimes we deign to reach over and switch on the television set. Slightly more often, we just sit.

Just to make sure we blush properly, the Ministry, mindful, no doubt, of our complaint, about the amount of time our wives spend dressing, asked how much time the men of Slough spent this way.

The average man burns up six-and-a-half hours putting on and taking off his clothes.

All this was discovered by a man—Dr Roy Branaby. And you can't even hang traitors in peacetime....

The Realist

THE pupil at an Edinburgh elementary school who, sent out to collect a bouquet for the end-of-term ceremonies, arrived back with the local bookie may, perhaps, be written off as an embarrassed victim of the idiosyncrasies of local pronunciation.

But the explanation seems all too simple, particularly in relation to an education-proud nation.

The budding heir to a traditionally money-wise race, more probably, was under the impression that he had collected the finest flower of local manhood.

Or he may merely have felt that he was cementing future relations with this cornerstone of a civilised community.

What is more interesting, however, is the mental state of the bookie himself.

Approached by the urbane, he doubtless gazed slightly and waked through his accounts to see whether or not the child's teacher had an account with him and, if so, whether he owed the pedagogue any sizeable sum of money.

Finding that his relations appeared to be good, the bookie, presumably, surmised that it was "to be time for a model for a lesson on ethical ship."

Our records do not say whether in the end the bookie was actually successful in securing a place for his son in the school of ethics.



LAST DITCH

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SIR ARTHUR FOUND THE TUNE ON THE TOP OF A BUS

By Francis Martin

ON the latest Household list the Master of the Queen's Music (formerly Musick), Sir Arthur Bliss, is one place above the Poet Laureate, two above the Veterinary Surgeons, three above the Coroner of the Household.

He gets no fee, wears no uniform, has no specified duties. A Master may, if he wishes, bask idly in the glamour of his title until he dies. But it pains Bliss to do nothing.

One of his aims is to reform the Royal Band, a symphony orchestra of picked players, which was dropped by Edward VII. His idea is that the Band should play on State occasions and even, perhaps, give State concerts at Windsor and the Palace for the pleasure of the Queen and her guests, as in Victoria's day.

Another of his aims is to restore the missing "k." The parchment which appointed him last November avoided archaic forms, turning Musick into Music. "The 'k,'" he says, "not only looks elegant; it also emphasises the traditional character of an office that goes back to Henry Purcell and beyond. I should like to see it replaced."

He's Ahead

In other ways he is up to the minute, sometimes ahead of it. Weeks before the Queen's return to the Palace from her Empire tour, he had completed two topical pieces to celebrate the occasion. One is "Song of Welcome," a choral ode which will be heard at this year's Proms. The other is "Welcome the Queen," a bluff, rousing march which, besides selling well as a gramophone record, was heard by four million cinemagoers as part of a Royal tour film's sound track.

To get into the creative mood for "Welcome the Queen," Bliss went to a preview theatre one afternoon last March and saw newsreel stock of the first half of the Royal tour. As he watched the Queen hailed from Fiji to Australia, the first thematic outlines began to stir in him. On leaving the theatre he mounted a London bus and, seated on the top deck, jotted down germ tunelets and rhythms on the margin of his paper.

The "rush hour" journey took 35 minutes. "By the time I got home," he says, "the tune had almost taken shape. It was exactly the sort of tune I had been hunting for—simple and

natural. I spent another hour at the piano and made my first manuscript sketch. Next day I worked it up formally and wrote the short score in a form almost ready for publication—another two hours' work."

In 20 years Bliss has written much film music. Apart from "Welcome the Queen," which he composed as a "loyal gesture," he thinks little of it. "Film music is completely unimportant," he declares. "Like ballet music, it takes second place. You go to the cinema, as to the ballet, not to listen but to look. The only person who thinks film music important is the film director."

Well Paid

"You understand the director's viewpoint at once if you see a film without music attached. You see something as sterile as the other side of the moon. Music is needed to make sequences dull in themselves interesting to watch, just as sauce piquante is needed to make boiled fish in a railway restaurant car eatable."

For adding the sauce composers are reasonably well paid. I know a young man who in six weeks wrote an hour's music for three films. He has paid £1,200 down and in one year drew royalties of £540 from the circuits.

Thanks to films, radio, television and the efficient collection of performance fees, the talented young composer of today is much better placed economically, says Bliss, than young painters and sculptors.

It was not always so. Forty years ago composers were subsidised by their families. The great Edward Elgar, dependent on his wealthy wife, Bliss's own career would have been set back 15 years, or nipped in the bud, if he had not been born with a bonny, well-off father, who supported him until his name was made.

In A Hut

"For a long time," he recalls, "my earnings as a composer were not enough to keep me in cigarettes."

At 63 the Master of the Queen's Music is as buoyant as a champagne cork. Until last year when professional duties began to pin him down in London, he had a country house among the Somerset woods, long, white and modern, with lots of windy space. He did much of his composing in a wooden hut 100 yards away surrounded by milkmaids. "Until his return," says Bliss, "I composed in a hut of my own. It was a sort of hut. I had been hunting for—simple and

he says. Often at dinner he will throw down his napkin and imitate people he has met and things that have happened to him during the day. When the two Bliss girls, now grown up, were at home, they and Lady Bliss would laugh until the tears came.

Music, he takes solemnly enough, however—other people's as well as his own. Cub composers, aspiring composers, budding Menuhins and pocket Flagstads come in streams seeking his advice on professional etiquette, introductions to impresarios and moral support generally.

Bliss usually obliges. The Master is a willing servant.

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PARADE

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PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGSFACE LIFT
FREE

If you want your face lifted, costs you nothing, in Austria. This is just a part of the regular service given by an enlightened Austrian Health Insurance to those who need it, but can't afford it. More than fifty patients—two-thirds of them are women—visit the out-patients' department of the Vienna Wiedemann cosmetic clinic in Vienna every day. The patients are not well known, but many politicians and other personalities are treated in the public eye, but at a private home. The patients are not well known, but many politicians and other personalities are treated in the public eye, but at a private home.

All they have to do to get a new face and a fresh personality, free of charge, is to show their insurance cards and prove that they don't belong to the higher income groups.

For the Austrian, it is a matter of belief that the face is your fortune. It is a matter of belief that the face is your fortune. It is a matter of belief that the face is your fortune.

In a glass coffin with a hundred vipers. Last week he came out—after 92 days and two hours, 11 days and seven hours better than the record. He lived on soda water the whole time.

He was 42 pounds lighter in weight—but £9,000 heavier in money. Wisely, he conducted his fast in a circus sideshow.

STARTING YOUNG

It's no wonder if Frenchmen aren't much worried when they see pink elephants. According to Mme. Simone Serin, who reported to the Academy of Medicine, chronic alcoholism and even delirium tremens are fairly common among French children, some of them as young as 18 months.

VERDICT ON CRUELTY

Is it cruel to marry a man, or a woman, whose temperament is poles apart from yours? A British Judge has decided it is.

Hearing the petitions of a husband and a wife who were suing one another for divorce and whose marriage had been so difficult that both became miserable and ill, Mr. Commissioner Bianco White awarded decrees to BOTH—holding that both had been victims of almost unavoidable cruelty.

The husband was an artist. "I believe not an unsuccessful sculptor," with an artist's temperament and "unusual ideas about religion and social organization." The wife was "at heart a conventional woman," who wanted "both an ordinary and reasonable life," and she had no interest in her husband's views.

So the judge ruled "in the interests of both parties and the community, this marriage should be dissolved." But, under British law, the reason had to be cruelty.

YOUNG MEN IN LOVE

"All," says a young man in love, "is a matter of timing. It is a matter of timing. It is a matter of timing."

Last week, for instance, three young men in Porto Torres, Sardinia, were taking it seriously. They were taking it seriously. They were taking it seriously.

They waited until Angelina's 15th birthday. Then they battered down the door and stole her. They were taking it seriously. They were taking it seriously.

But the 16 women gave them such a drubbing that they were all taken to hospital. Next day, some were tossed a hand-grenade against the front door. Police intervened and offered protection. Angelina declined. She takes the maximum seriously, too.

JEALOUSY IN CYPRUS

In Cyprus, they make allowances for jealous jents, especially those who have just been killed.

But a judge ruled that tearing all his girl friends' clothes off was not an appropriate reaction and sent Neofytos Nicholson to jail for six months.

THAT ADDED BURMAH TOUCH

It is a matter of timing. It is a matter of timing. It is a matter of timing.

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All they have to do to get a new face and a fresh personality, free of charge, is to show their insurance cards and prove that they don't belong to the higher income groups.

Mr. Churchill lifts the roofs of these stately homes

FIFTEEN FAMOUS ENGLISH HOMES. By Randolph S. Churchill, Verschoyle, 25s. 176 pages.

★ NEW BOOK ★

by George Malcolm Thomson

The stately homes of England. How beautiful they stand! Amidst their tall ancestral trees, O'er all the pleasant land.

STATELY as ever; beautiful sometimes; now with a shade less of arrogance in their looks—and, probably, someone taking half a crown at the door as you go in.

They flourished on the glorious revolution of 1688, survived the perils of race-course and gambling hell; the Reform Bill stripped them of power. American marriages stayed off the evil day when wealth would follow power. Now with the end in sight, and the black cloud of Death Duties brooding over the pleasant land, they are gathered one by one to the chilly bosom of the National Trust.

Randolph Churchill, readable, not too learned, excluded by

temperament from undue reverence and possessing an inherited taste for the riper fruits of rhetoric, in their final phase, these monuments of a vanished golden age of amplitude, and a once-powerful class are still alive for the visitor who brings imagination as well as money to the turnstile.

At Hatfield is the first pair of silk stockings to be brought into England for the legs of Queen Elizabeth I; at Chatsworth, the finest private library in the world (as Churchill thinks); at Petworth, Lord Leconfield's underground railway for bringing food from the kitchen in one other.

Monuments Of Pomp

Blenheim looks as if it were "built for an auctioneer who had been elected king of Poland" (Horace Walpole). "Arundel Castle as it were 'built for an antiquary who had been appointed managing director of MCM' (Churchill).

These monuments of pomp, and sometimes of taste are so immense that their owners could get lost in them. "How do you get up into that gallery?" asked Lord Salisbury in Chatsworth of the eighth Duke of Devonshire (known as Harty-Tarty). "Well, —I'm damned if I know," came the reply.

Such houses were prizes won in the days when politics was a dangerous game, when a man staked his head when he went into public life, and the rule of the table was "winner take all." The winners took Blenheim, Chatsworth, Hatfield, etc.

fortune "I turned too soon" rang through the modest dwelling at Hatfield.

In a similar mood of detachment, the second Marquess of Salisbury, at a time when the family's means were straitened, married the heiress to £12,000 a year.

Building and re-building, quarrelling with wives, architects, mistresses and neighbours; governing the country and winning the Derby, the Whig and Tory magnates who sheltered under these palatial roofs found time to form art collections fabulous rather than fastidious. Petworth is famous for its Turners; Althorp has 30 portraits of Shortland bulls. Pictures are often ill-arranged; sometimes oddly described.

Chatsworth Idea

A guide at Chatsworth, who persisted in calling a painting of the Marriage at Cana "The Last Supper," overheard a visitor say: "It isn't my idea of The Last Supper." His rebuke was severe, "It's the Chatsworth idea of the Last Supper."

Last year, 200,000 members of the public paid to see the Chatsworth idea—which is also Blenheim, Holkham, Wilton, Knowsley—idea—of how in England noblemen should live.

Those who have not so far inspected one of these buildings, which are so much more than houses and so much less than homes, will, after reading Churchill, be more likely to make the pilgrimage in a suitable mood of instructed admiration and disrespect.

THIS 'QUALITY X'

By NANCY SPAIN

WHAT is courage? Bravery, says my pre-war dictionary, mere boldness. But the war changed all that. Now we know that courage depends so much on experience, endurance, and faith that we can hardly define it at all.

Particularly it depends upon faith, the "x" of human behaviour. We might even call this belief in God, if we had enough moral courage....

There are three books out this week on this heroic theme. First there is a novel, THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY, by

Ernest Gann (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.), a wildly exciting book that concerns a plane-land of "ordinary" American men and women, flying from Honolulu to San Francisco. We experience with them all their reactions to fear.

There is a young first pilot called Sullivan, who has never been tested; and an elderly (65-year-old) second pilot called Dan, tested only too well.

Our plane takes off. There are hints that one of the engines is suffering from metal fatigue. But all goes well until the point of no return. Five minutes later the engine hangs dangling.

Sullivan has to decide whether to ditch or plod on, risking a crash. Fortunately for everyone Dan won't let him ditch. He even lets Sullivan, who seems curiously grateful.

Mr Gann writes brilliantly of fictional human beings in the face of fear. This is definitely the sort of book I read with my mouth open, gasping for air.

Lone flight

MY mouth opened even wider for THE SPIRIT OF ST LOUIS (John Murray, 21s.), the autobiography of Colonel Charles Lindbergh, who flew the Atlantic solus in May 1927. What a story. And how well he tells it. Whatever I might have believed of Colonel Lindbergh's heroism I should never have expected him to write of it with the brilliance of a poet.

How the business men of St Louis backed him, how his single-seater was built for him, how every other flier in the race scratched or crashed.... How Lindbergh eventually took off on that wet May morning, to endure 33 hours solitary confinement, with five sandwiches in a paper bag and a quart of water; all this told me back in my easy chair.

There isn't a word of this 520-page book that should have been cut. There is not one tiny episode that is irrelevant to the character of this pioneer.

Good clean fun

LINDBERGH has been proved courageous. He has faced fear many times. How different he is from the superhuman heroes of fiction, this week plumed down like a gallant butterfly. By Richard Ussher in his delightfully witty book CLUBLAND HEROES (Constable, 10s.). Since he was eight, Mr. Ussher has worshipped those tall, lank figures created by the arch-magicians Buchan, Sapper, and Dornford Yates.

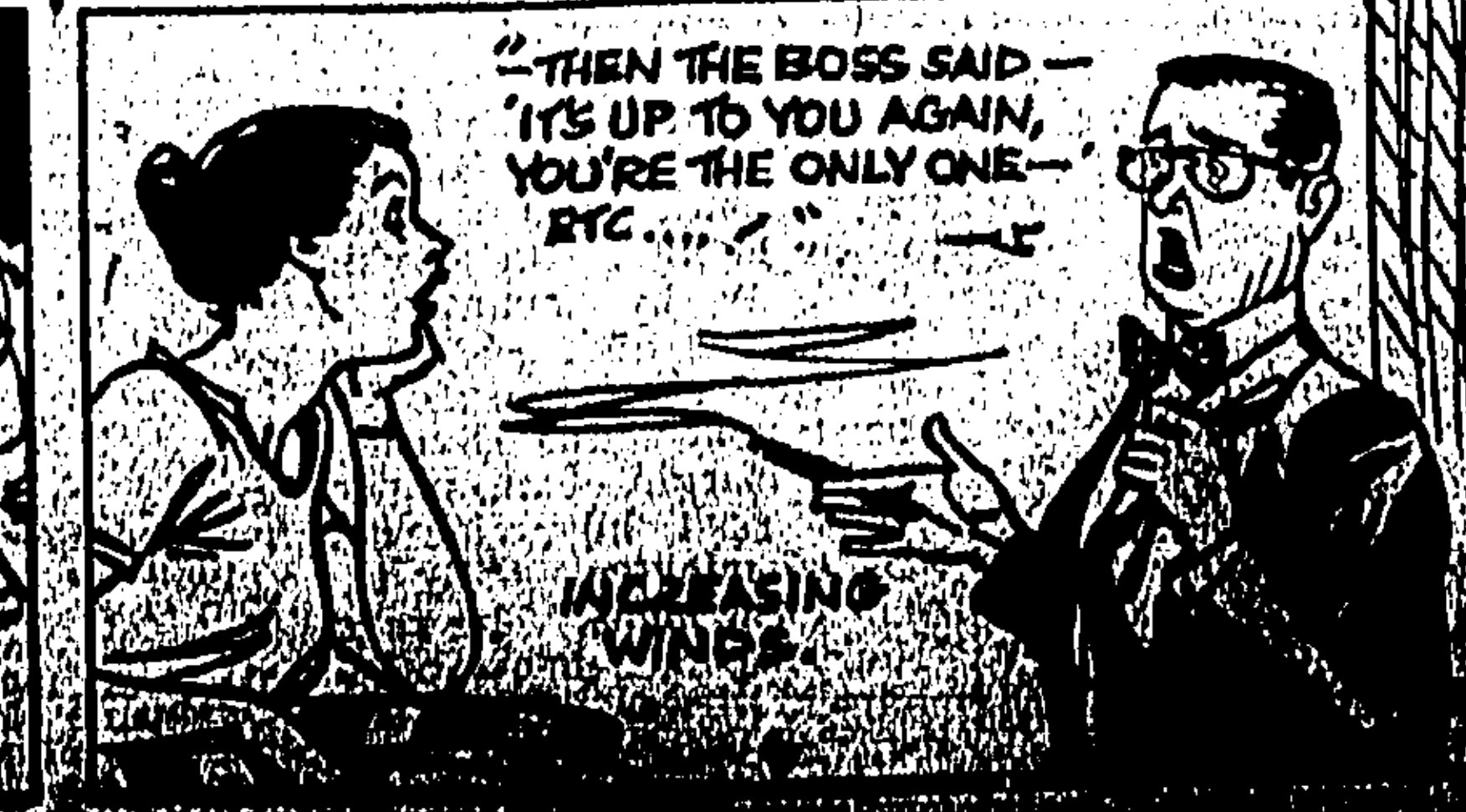
To these preposterous heroes the hunting down of crooks and foreign spies, without police sanction, is so much jolly good clean fun.

To break a man's back with bare hands, to mix with one blow on the forehead of the law, and to walk away with a

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Weather Observations

BY HARRY WEINERT



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...the ...

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ROSETTE FOR TOSCA



Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands pinning a rosette on Tosca, ridden by Britain's own Pat Smythe, co-winner of the Selby Cup with P. Beard on "Osta", and Dalethorpe on "Earlsrath Rambler" at the International Horse Show at White City. — Central Press Photo.

REMEMBER OLD JIM PARKS?

He Stands Alone In Wisden In Solitary Splendour

By ARCHIE QUICK

There is only one cricketer, happily still alive and kicking, who has ever hit 3,000 runs and taken 100 wickets in one English summer, or any other summer come to that. Raise your hats to Jim Parks, of Sussex. No, not the Jimmy Parks, of that same county, who has just won his Test spurs against Pakistan, but his father.

Jim Parks stands alone in Wisden in solitary splendour for the incredible feat he achieved in 1937. The only all-round performance comparable with that was George Hirst's 2,386 runs and 208 wickets in 1906, and, considering it was only 618 runs fewer but 107 wickets more, the Yorkshireman's deed was probably the greater.

"Old" Jim Parks—he is 51—went a professional to Blackpool after leaving Sussex and is now senior coach to Nottinghamshire in succession to Bill Vee. They think a lot of this quiet, reserved, rosy-cheeked man at Trent Bridge. He is three years older than brother Harry, who used to play in a great Sussex team with him, and who is now attached to Somersetshire.

SAYS MUCH

Jim used to open with Ted Bowley before the advent of John Laming, and it says much for the long years his first-class career spanned that, although it was in 1937 that his great year came, it was eight years previous to that when he and Bowley had an opening partnership of 368 against Gloucestershire at Hove—the 15th highest in the game's history.

But if you really want to know the Parks family you must go to Haywards Heath in mid-Sussex. There Jim's mother, from their house nearby the recreation ground of this pleasant market town, watched him set off with his bag 17 years ago to play in his first and only Test—against New Zealand at Nottingham.

There last week grandmother Parks proudly watched young Jim set off with his bag for Manchester for his first Test (and surely, not his last) against Pakistan. At the other end of the railway journey, equally proud, was Jim waiting to welcome the son for whom his wife gave her life. Time has turned full circle.

In villages and towns of Sussex like Haywards Heath the Parks, the Laminges, the Tates, the Coates, and the Coates are the local heroes, but not gods, for their careers are taken for granted and Haywards Heath will tell you that they are equally proud of Jim and Jimmy Parks, and of Harry, for their careers.

PROMOTERS FIGHT SHY OF AUCTION

By GEOFFREY SIMPSON

Blame the seasonal summer siesta for boxing, blame the one-third gate tax, but there have been "no bids" for two British Championship contests that have been in the market for many weeks.

The Board of Control have not received an offer from any promoter for the cruiser-weight match between Alex Buxton (holder) and Albert Finch, nor for the flyweight bout between Terry Allen (holder) and Eric Marsden. So the bidding date has been extended to August 14.

But could it be that this system of match-making by post is partly the cause? Promoters are afraid of bidding too low, and scared of going too high, so they stay out of these official fight auctions.

Making an offer in a sealed envelope to be opened with others on a fixed date is hardly a satisfactory way of doing business in these days when the profit margin is so narrow.

POPULAR BOUT

Mr Jack Solomons has bid for the middleweight title fight between Johnny Sullivan (Preston) and Gordon Hazell (Bristol) and offers have also been received for the return bout between John Kelly (Belfast), the holder, and Peter Keenan (Glasgow).

Both bouts are likely to be held in September. Champion Allen has one fight in view—against Nazareno Gianelli, of Italy, for the vacant European flyweight title at Milan on September 10. Jimmy Sharkey, of Glasgow, who has been the champion since last year, for his second defence.

LEAGUE BOWLS

ONE OR TWO CHAMPIONSHIPS MAY BE DECIDED THIS AFTERNOON

By "TOUCHER"

One and perhaps two Lawn Bowls League Championships may be decided this afternoon.

In the First Division the League-leading holders, Recreio "Blues" will cross over to the Indian Recreation Club and a repetition of their earlier 5-0 win over the Indians will practically assure them of the title for the third year in succession.

The Indians were largely responsible for the Blues widening their lead during the week when they handed Kowloon Cricket Club a 4-1 defeat. With a 6½-point lead over the Cricket Club who are their next nearest rivals, Recreio "Blues" can do even with four points to be almost certain of retaining the Championship. On present form, they seem to have the needed points practically in the bag.

In the Second Division, the destination of the League title will hinge on two of this afternoon's matches. The more crucial game of the two will be that between Indian Recreation Club and Craigengower Cricket Club at Sookunpoo.

The Indians killed two birds with one stone when they beat Kowloon Cricket Club by 4-1 in their postponed match last Thursday. They not only jumped up to the top of the League table but also eliminated one serious threat in the process.

Craigengower Cricket Club, who are four points behind them with one match in hand, are almost exactly in the same position as the Indians and either side capable of coming out of this afternoon's match with a 4-1 win will be the likely winners of the Second Division League this season.

ONLY THREAT

The only threat will probably come from Talook who are at present only 2½ points behind IRC. Their match against Recreio this afternoon will therefore have a strong bearing on the outcome of the extremely close Second Division race. A defeat for Talook will mean their elimination from the race, but a 5-0 win will put them back in a strong challenging position.

The Third Division games will see a race between IRC and the Filipino Club for points. Both have the same number of 30½ League points. IRC will be away to the Football Club and the Filipino Club will be at home to the Police. The odds seem to be slightly in favour of the Filipino Club to head next week's League table.

COLONY CHAMPIONSHIPS

A few excellent third round Colony Open Triples Championship matches are scheduled for tomorrow.

Topping them will be the clash at Recreio between the current holders, J. Chubb, T. E. Baker and W. Hong Sling, and the 1949 winners, A. L. G. Eastman, W. C. Simpson and J. McKelvie.

This promises to be not only a very close match but also one in which some very fine bowls will probably be seen.

At lead and No. 2 Eastman and Simpson together seem to enjoy a slight edge over Chubb and Baker and the issue will depend mainly on skip McKelvie's ability to hold up to Bill Hong Sling.

Another good match will be seen at the Hongkong Football Club between G. Hong Choy, G. A. Souza, and J. S. Landolt and the Bowling Club trio of F. Francis, G. C. Norman and A. Harvey.

Here Hong Choy and Souza appear to be the slightly better front-men combination than Francis and Norman. Souza struck good form during the week and will be a great asset tomorrow if he can reproduce the form which enabled him to eliminate W. Hong Sling in the Craigengower Open Singles Championship.

Both skips, Landolt and Harvey, are among the most experienced in the Colony and both entertain a high regard for each other's ability. This could be an excellent match of tactics.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
IRC v Recreio Blues
KBGC v KDC

KCC v FC	FC
IRC v CCC	KDC
Recreio Whites (bye)	
Second Division	
IRC v TC	IRC
IRC v CCC	Talook
KBGC v HKFC	KCC
KCC v HKCC	CCC
USRC v PRC	Recreio
HKFC v IRC	USRC
HKFC v USRC	HKCC
CCC v KCC	KBGC
FC v PRC	PRC

TOMORROW

Colony Open Triples
At PRC: G. Stark, J. B. Boxer, R. B. Marshall, F. G. Lau, R. M. V. Ibbotson, R. Bass, At K.C.C.: P. Hughes, W. M. McCall, J. G. Meyer, W. M. Coles, M. S. McKay, A. Elliott, C. W. Johnson, K. A. Baker, A. G. Gardner.

At HKFC: G. Hong Choy, G. A. Souza, J. S. Landolt, A. Harvey, G. C. Norman, F. Francis.
At Recreio: J. Chubb, T. E. Baker, W. Hong Sling, A. L. G. Eastman, W. C. Simpson, J. McKelvie.
At Talook: A. R. A. Rahman, M. J. Divedia, U. A. Rumjahn, A. H. Souza, L. S. Silva, W. C. Ogley, D. Rossetti, A. J. Kew, R. Rossetti, C. K. Sung, C. C. Ma, A. H. Seemim.

HOW THEY STAND

First Division	P	W	D	L	Pts
Recreio "Blues"	10	9	0	1	39
KCC	10	7	0	3	32½
Recreio "Whites"	11	6	0	5	29
CCC	10	6	0	4	28
IRC	9	6	0	3	28
KBGC	9	5	0	4	23½
PRC	11	4	0	7	18

Lord's Is Not "Unchanging"

People talk of unchanging Lord's, of the hidebound traditionalism at the sedate Headquarters of cricket. Actually the last twenty years or so have brought about great changes there.

Once upon a time, when amateurs used to leave or enter the field by the main steps and professionals used a side gate, almost any member of the general public could follow the professionals into their ground floor dressing room for a conversation. Indeed, Hendren and Hearne used to welcome such a diversion.

Personally I have interviewed everyone there from George Hirst to Denis Compton. Nowadays the little room is in the possession of the umpires, and the 22 players are installed high in the main building. It is like an eagle's nest and just as difficult to get at.

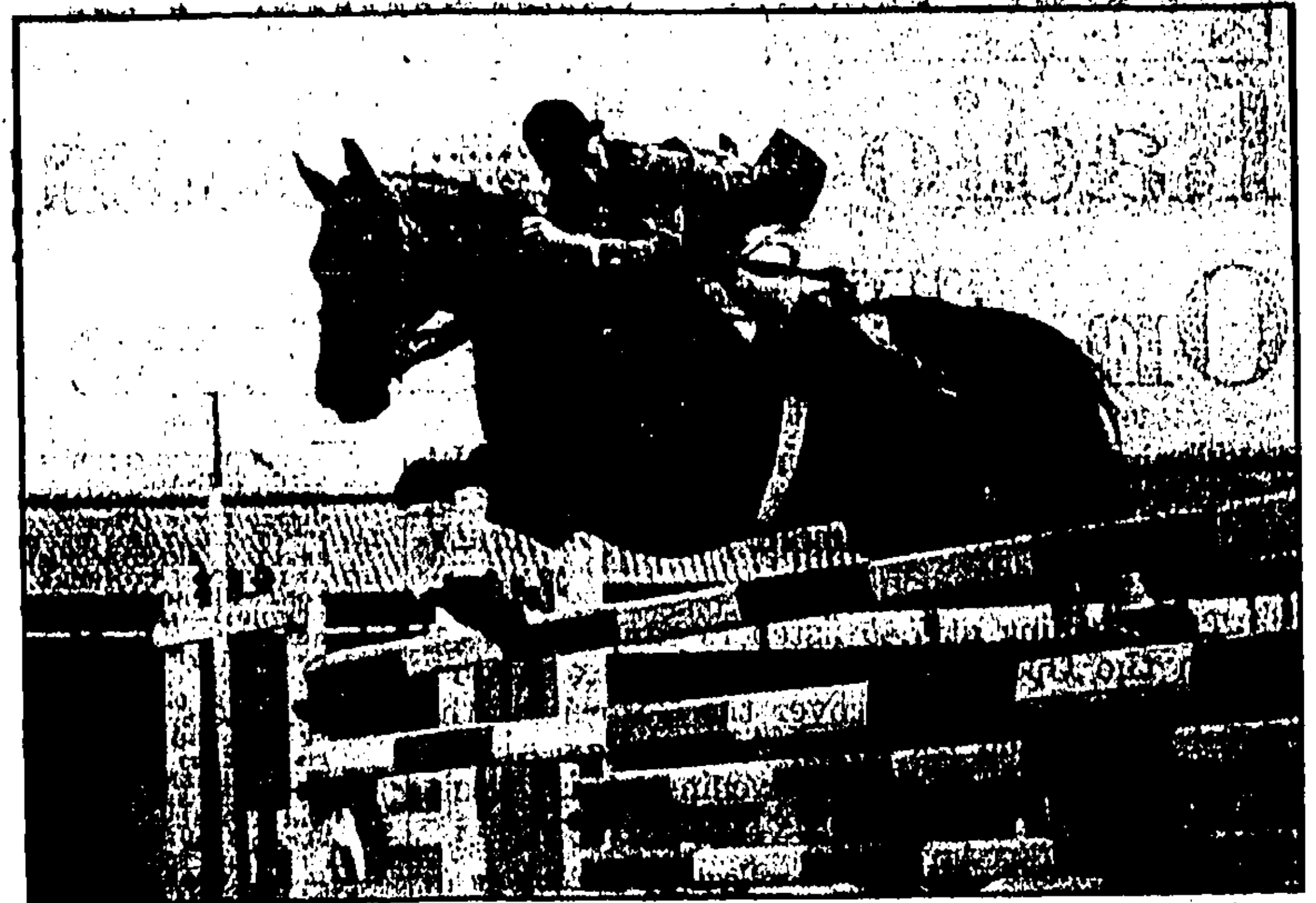
The procedure is this. You ask No. 1 doorman for such a player. A second official gives you a slip to fill in and a third, slip in hand, goes in quest of the player. The latter then has to descend from the upper regions and sign a register, and you're in. It is as easy as that. But in fairness, it must be admitted that many of the old coveys have been swept away, thanks to the present administrative staff, from the Secretary downwards.

My prey was Will Wooller, the Glamorgan captain and the great Welsh International rugby player. Will led Glamorgan to the Championship in 1948, but that side is breaking up. One of them however nearly reached a double century against Middlesex as I talked with Will. He was Gilbert Parkhouse, and at a time when all dressing-room talk is about the forthcoming tour of Australia it is difficult to realise that this "forgotten man" of English cricket was on the last trip.

The difference between Glamorgan and Middlesex is that the Welsh county have the younger men coming along. Middlesex have several of their younger men already arrived. Moss, Titmus and Bennett for instance. Here is the backbone of the team for years to come. Moss toured the West Indies, Titmus was 12th man for the recent Nottingham Test, and Bennett is on the threshold of a great all-round career. These are the men waiting for their chance when the Comptons and the Edrichs step down.

A good story about young Titmus. When the Army played the United Hospitals at soccer at Woolwich last season I spotted young Fred at inside-right. "I didn't know you were a doctor," I said. "No," he replied. "I went to Guy's Hospital this morning to have a tooth pulled out. Then I got landed for this!"

WINNING PERFORMANCE



Mile J. Bonnaud, of France, who has been enjoying great success in all the major European Shows lately, jumping in the Ladies' Debutante Competition, which she won, at the International Horse Show at White City. — Central Press Service.

THE SPORTS ROUND-UP

The World's Top Golfers May Soon Start On A Globe-Trotting Circuit

The world's top golfers may soon start on a globe-trotting circuit, like the leading tennis players. Plans for organising such a scheme are at present being discussed by U.S., Canadian and European enthusiasts.

One of the men behind the idea is John Jay Hopkins, donor of the Canada Cup annually competed for by American and Canadian teams.

The Open Champion himself, Peter Thompson.

UNIQUE RECORD

Terry Allen, British and former European and World Flyweight Champion, gets a chance to recapture the European title at Milan on September 10.

He meets Nazareno Gianelli, of Italy, for the title rendered vacant at the beginning of the year when the holder, Frenchman Louis Skena, moved up into the bantamweight division. Victory for Allen will give him a unique record, that of winning four titles without once beating a reigning champion.

In 1950 he won the world title, relinquished by Rinty Monaghan, by beating Belgian Honoré Pratesi; in 1951 he beat Vic Herman to succeed Monaghan as British Champion; in 1952, having lost the crown to Teddy Gardner, Allen regained it on Gardner's retirement by defeating Eric Marsden.

Miss Jean Donald, one of Britain's three women golf professionals, is to compete against leading British and Continental men players in the Swiss Open Championship on September 3-4.

Miss Donald is the first British woman player to play in a man's event. No special concessions will be made and she will drive from the men's tees. The title is at present held by Flory Van Donck, of Belgium.

PLASTIC COMES IN

Plastic, that most modern of inventions, has come to that most traditional of games, cricket. At a London cricket school recently Middlesex players Fred Titmus and Don Bennett tested a new plastic covering for cricket bats.

It is claimed that the covering will double perhaps treble the life of the blade. Titmus and Bennett found its surface most satisfactory.

Good news for "rabbits". The ball comes off the edge of plastic covering faster than off wood. So there is more chance of those streaky shots going for four.

Failure to qualify for all four rounds of the Open has left the list stars like Eric Brown, Bernard Hunt, Charlie Ward, Ken Bousfield, Arthur Leach, Reg Home, John Foston and Tom Halliburton. Notable absences among the leaders is

Games at Berne next month. It will be almost a revenge match.

The Russian star took a world record from Dianne recently, running the Half Mile in 2 mins 8.4 secs. Dianne, 21-year-old Birmingham University research worker, will be one of the main Gold Medal hopes in Britain's team of 38 men and 17 women. The Games open on August 25 and last five days.

(London Express Service)

Stock-car Racing Has Come To Stay In Britain

Stock-car racing, the newest and craziest of sporting spectacles, has now been given a fair trial in the Provinces by London and local promoters, and the public verdict seems to be the same as the Londoners, who were the first in Britain to see it—it has come to stay.

The sport has pulled in huge crowds whenever there has been a meeting. Even at a small place like Long Eaton, near Nottingham, there were nearly 10,000 at the opening meeting.

Generally there are few rules and barred holds for drivers in these competitions between ordinary saloon cars put their best days being driven as recklessly and crazily as the drivers consider necessary to win. One may even reverse smack into an oncoming opponent.

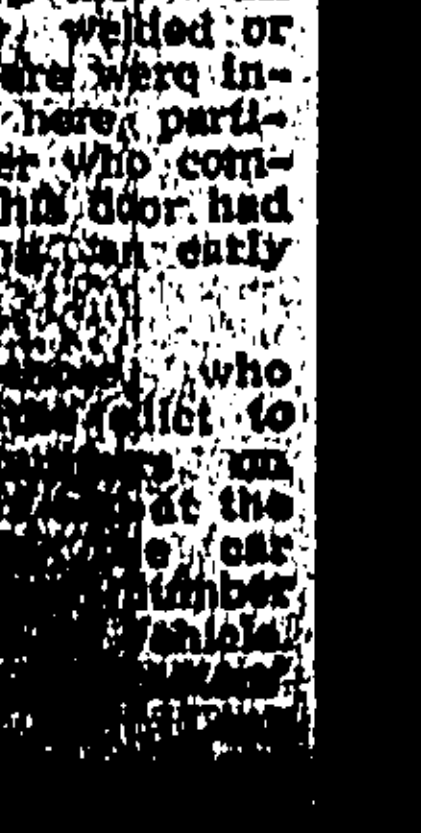
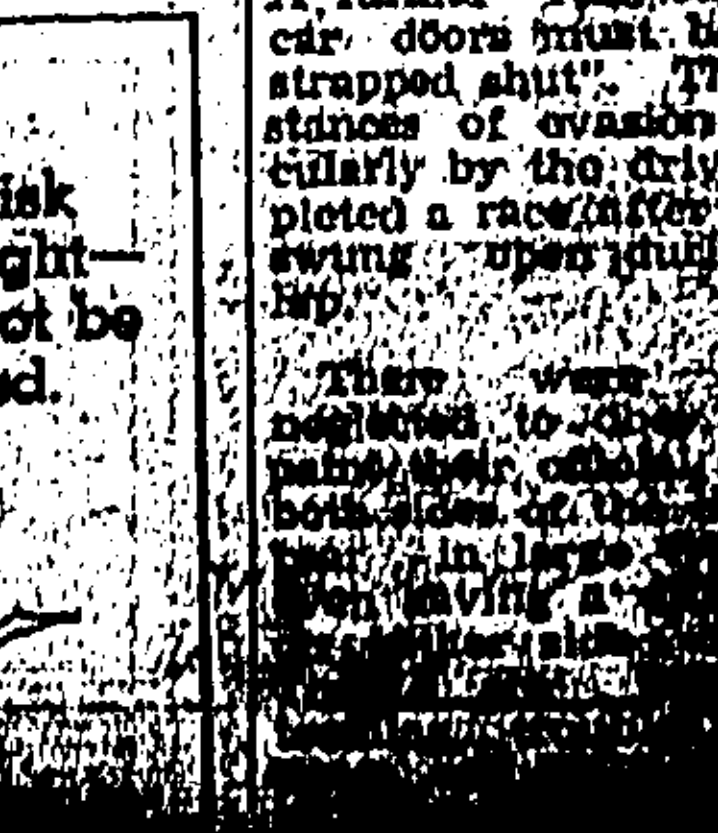
Tony Anderson, of Manchester, did break one after his car had overturned in a gully which collapsed the car roof and pinned him inside. No one moved to his aid—officially no assistance may be given such a driver until the others have completed the regulation 20 laps, unless absolute necessity convinces the officials that the race ought to be stopped.

But after five minutes of being trapped, Tony wriggled free and staggered out on to the grass inside the cinder track. He thereby broke a rule of the sport. Drivers are not allowed to leave the track until the race is over. But Tony's car was damaged by the wheels of the crowd.

Some "Long Eaton" drivers were at fault in other respects. A further rule says that "all car doors must be welded or strapped shut". There were instances of drivers here, particularly by the driver who completed a race after his door had swung open during an early lap.

There were other who seemed to be taking a little too much of the crowd's enthusiasm. One driver, who was at the wheel of a car which was damaged by the wheels of the crowd, was at the wheel of a car which was damaged by the wheels of the crowd.

POP



AN ENGLAND "B" CRICKET ELEVEN IS AN INTERESTING IDEA, BUT IMPRACTICAL

Says ALEC BEDSER

How times do change! I remember in the period immediately after the war when the main topic of sporting conversation in England was: "What's wrong with our cricket?"

Then we were being humbled by Australia under their great captain, Sir Donald Bradman, and with a team which must surely rank as one of the greatest seen in Test cricket. That side which toured England in 1948 had everything.

Round about that time England had a fine soccer side. Now our soccer is going through a bad patch—though I am sure it is capable of making a strong recovery—while the success of our national cricket eleven seems to be satisfying even the strongest critics.

The big test, of course, arrives in our next winter when the MCC go to Australia to try and keep the Ashes. Don't ask me whether we shall succeed, for I am hesitant when it comes to predicting cricket results. But I shall be very disappointed if we don't pull it off.

One reason why I brought soccer into my introductory paragraphs is that they pay in

Work Hint To Footballers

It could be that England's lamentable failure in recent international games has had something to do with it, but there are unmistakable signs of a tightening-up of training methods and discipline at English League football grounds where the players have already started preparations for the new season.

Wolverhampton staff were greeted by dressing-room notices printed in the club colours black and gold: "There is no substitute for hard work." It was not long before they were sampling a new schedule of training in which ball control practice was a feature.

Chairman J. Privett's welcome to the Portersmouth players was: "You probably won't want a long speech from me. Let's get out on the field." And there they were put through a completely different training routine to that of former seasons. Monday is eliminated and the competitive spirit encouraged. Hard work is to be included later.

At Derby, manager Jack Barker told his county men: "Your training hours will be longer and stiffer." For the first time in post-war years they will be training morning and afternoon from Monday to Friday.

Coventry players face a new five-day-a-week training programme, and chairman W. E. Shank has told them: "Daily hours will be 9.45 to 4, and only players proving they can maintain absolute fitness without extra afternoon work will be given permission to be away." There will be emphasis on ball play, which the management say will beat the kick-and-rush that is so prevalent in English football.

Reports like these come in from far and wide, and it may well be we shall see a change for the better in English League football this coming season.

Europe what is known as a "B" match, in which the eleven is mainly made up of young and promising players. Since England's second Test with Pakistan, won by England by an innings, it has been suggested there should be "B" matches against certain opposition, which, at the present time, may be just below the highest standards found in international cricket.

My own belief is that it would not work, although I am prepared to admit it would give the up and coming players, on the fringe of the England team, an excellent opportunity of advancing their claims. Whether the public would be excited over "B" Tests, or the selectors would gain much help, I am doubtful. Young players in England are shrewdly introduced into big cricket before their capabilities can usually be assessed by their showings against the stronger counties.

ACCEPTED AXIOM

Before the war, when Yorkshire were at their strongest it was an accepted axiom by the selectors to "see what he does against Yorkshire" before putting him in the Test side. And it was a theory which was sound enough to work.

In England there are 92 Football League teams, while there are only 17 first-class cricket counties—and real talent is not likely to be hidden in 17 teams. The one main reason for a trial match is to discover a player's temperament and reaction to the big occasion, and "B" games might well supply that important answer.

Casting my mind over the possibilities there would be for such a match I find some interesting names. I would make Colin Cowdrey captain, and include such promising material as Terry Spencer (Leicester), Peter Loader (Surrey), Fred Titmus and Don Bennett (Middlesex), Edwin Smith (Derby), Keith Andrew (Northamptonshire), the wicket-keeper, Ray Illingworth (Yorkshire), Jim Parks (Sussex), Brian Hedges (Glamorgan) and "Bomber" Wells (Gloucester). The last-named is an off-spinner who gets his nickname from service in the RAF.

None of the lads I have mentioned have played for England, but if they continue to improve there is no reason why they should not be claiming a place in the future.

Such sides could be reinforced with experienced players like Don Kenyon (Worcestershire), Constable (Surrey), Milton (Gloucester), Wootton (Warwickshire) and the like.

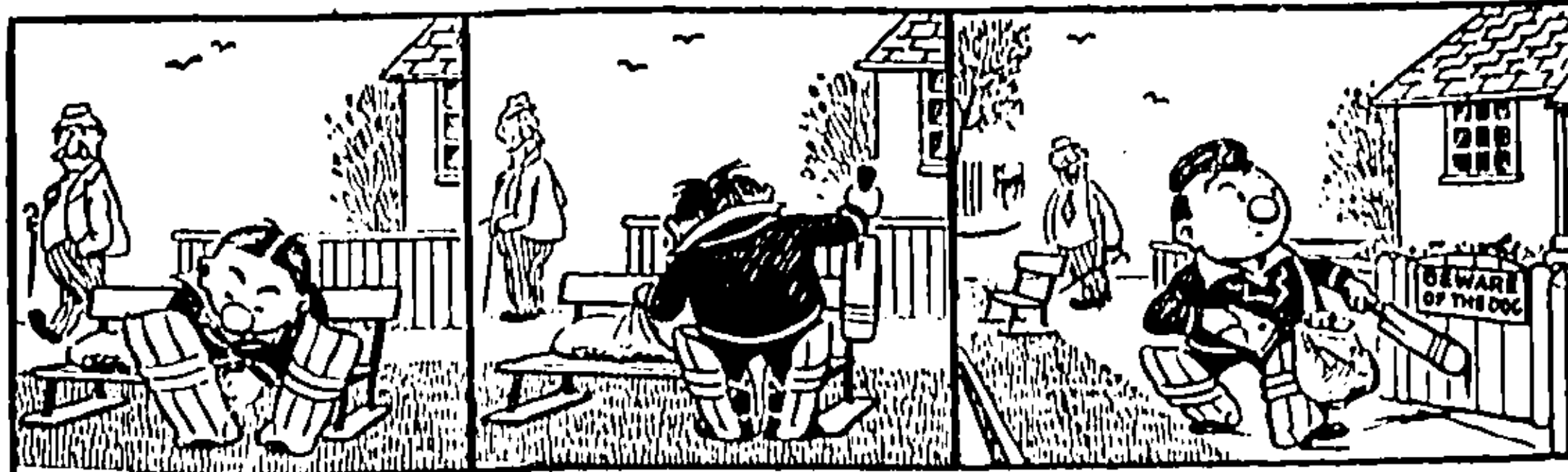
RETIRED

Emrys Davies, of whom I wrote some weeks back, has announced his retirement. He has achieved his ambition of playing for Glamorgan until he was 50 years of age—he celebrated his birthday this month—and so he ends a span of 30 years' first-class cricket.

Emrys, a left-handed bat and slow left arm bowler, scored 32 centuries and 27,000 runs, and took over 900 wickets. He played over 1,000 innings for Glamorgan.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Another Wood In The Bag—A No. 5 Is On Its Way

Says BERNARD HUNT

A lot of the people who have decried the popularity of the number 4 wood during the last few years will be astonished to learn that the number 5 wood is now on its way. I am having some made right now and I believe they will be in very common use very shortly. The Americans, I understand, have had them on the go for some time.

I have always felt that the number 4 wood was just about as useful a club as any handicap player could have in his bag. The number 5 will be even more useful. It will be a little shorter in the shaft and steeper in the face than the number 4—it will have something like the face of a number 6 iron—and will be invaluable for banging the ball out of those awkward cuppy lies and, very often, out of that toughest light rough.

In the main the new club is built like the ordinary number 4 wood except, perhaps, that it will have a steeper lie—more like an iron—and will be even more rounded on the sole. Like the number 4 it will have a shallow face than the ordinary wood and the shortened shaft will give it the easy, intimate feeling of an iron.

At the moment I use my number 4 wood for picking the

ball off close lies on the fairway, for longish shots off down-ward or hanging lies, for hitting out of cuppy lies or divot holes, or from light rough. I also use it for playing high dropping shots to the green from a distance of about 180 to 200 yards.

EASIER TO USE

The new number 5 will cover the same sort of shots but will

be even easier to use—especially for the handicap player and for the ladies. At the moment most handicap players prefer to use a number 4 wood rather than a number 2 iron. They can get the ball away better and can get just about the same distance. That is purely because they have more loft on the club and far more confidence in using it. The number 5 will give them almost as much distance and I think it will quickly become very popular.

Once you get the "feel" of these shorter, smaller woods you never regret adding them to your bag. There is no problem about them; the only danger is that some people, especially women, too often ask too much from them. I know one lady who even takes her 4 wood from a bunker!

I don't swing quite as far back with my spoon as with my driver and I take the same shorter swing with my number 4. I also make a point of opening my stance slightly—and I mean slightly—when I am using the 4 from a lightish lie and hit the ball from a position opposite my left heel. The idea of the slightly open stance is to help to keep the face of the club well open during the shot and so pick the ball up easily.

As important as the idea of not over-swinging is the need to maintain a firm grip—not a fierce one—throughout the shot and for a firm strike through with no tendency to scoop. You must leave the club to do the work it is designed to do.

DON'T IGNORE NO. 2 IRON

If you use your 4 wood at a short hole, off a tee, put the ball down on a low peg. You have plenty of loft to get the ball up. Alternatively, choose a grassy patch and do not use a peg at all. For this shot use a square stance and strike from a centre position.

When you play off a downward or hanging lie take the shot more off the back foot and again be absolutely certain to go down and through—following down the slope after the ball has gone if you can get the idea better from that.

The same idea must be applied when you tackle those nasty cuppy lies. But I have found that as long as you get really down to the ball and hit through—letting the specially designed head do the work it is intended to do—the results are wonderful. The ball comes out beautifully and flies astonishing distances.

When the number 5 wood comes into general circulation I suppose the number 2 iron will get a further blow. Few long handicap players use their 2 iron now—which is a pity. The main reason is that they are afraid of it. They note the comparative lack of face on the No. 2 and automatically try to pick the ball up. That, of course, is fatal; a bad shot results and the poor old number 2 is banished for another long time.

As with the number 4 wood—and the number 6—if you let your 2 iron do its job and have the confidence to sweep through the ball you will get surprisingly pleasant results. A long raking 2 iron shot can be one of the most satisfying in the game.

Why not have a session with your local professional with your number 4 wood AND your 2 iron? If you get friendly with these two clubs your pleasures will be tremendously increased. An hour with your professional and an hour on the practice green—if your system would stand the shock—could work wonders.

AUSTRALIANS WELCOME HUTTON'S APPOINTMENT

Len Hutton's selection to lead the MCC in Australia this winter has been acclaimed by cricketers everywhere. Especially by the Australians themselves.

The Melbourne Age columnist sums up their feelings when he writes:

"That is as it should be—on personal form and experience as well as on leadership—and results over three Test series, he has led England against India, Australia and the West Indies... the surprise was that the 'Drop-Hutton' kites ever got sufficiently airborne for any serious advocacy."

"Australians applauded Hutton's appointment in 1952 as England's first full time professional skipper. By the principle supported then, plus the gratitude and appreciation of the success that followed that move for England, we acclaim his reappointment now."

"We look forward to meeting him again on his third tour of Australia."

(London Express Service)



This is my brother Geof using his No. 4 wood to crack the ball 200 yards from a pivot hole. Note the position—ball opposite left heel with stance very slightly open. Secret of the shot is to hit down and through the ball and let the club, with its slim but steep face, pick the ball out and send it on its way.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



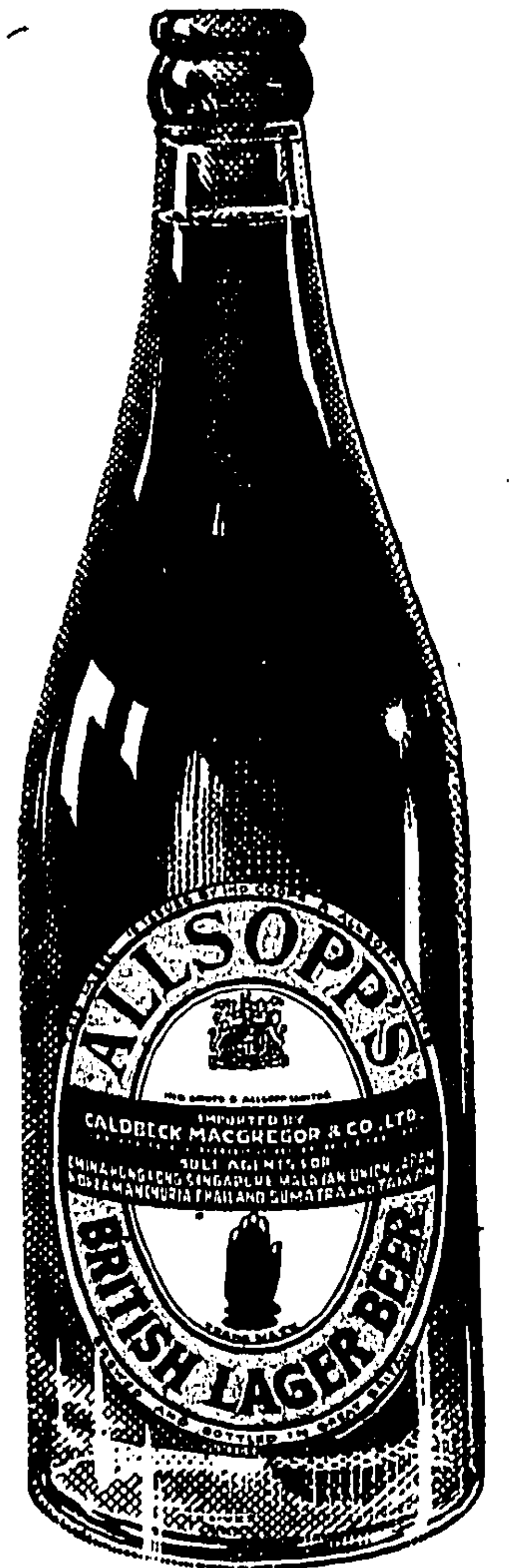
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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 31

BORN today, you have a highly idealistic nature and may find it just a little difficult to adjust to the rugged competitive world. You believe that a man's intrinsic worth is his greatest asset. The world is more apt to see it in dollars and cents. You are positively allergic to posturing and sham, and must get to the exact truth at all times. Since you are always searching for the good in life, you may become restless if you do not learn to recognize the good in that which is near at hand.

You enjoy travel and will probably want to spend a great deal of your time in foreign countries. Some kind of a career which would permit you to pick up and go where your fancy leads would be a good idea. You do not enjoy routine of any kind and find it very difficult to settle down to a desk job in which you do the same thing over and over, day after day. You must have variety to inspire your imagination.

It may be easy for you to find exactly the right marriage partner, for in addition to beauty, you need brains. You women don't want just a successful business man, but need someone who has high ideals. With the right kind of mate, who can inspire and encourage you, sensational success may be yours. Among those born on this date were: Paul du Chailu, explorer; James Kent, statesman; and Abram S. Hewitt, one-time New York City mayor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 1

LEO (July 21-Aug. 23)—A Leo day for all your efforts. Follow up a good idea. After attending church, plan some appropriate recreation. Should bring happiness into your life.

VIRGO (Aug. 23-Sept. 23)—There should be peace, you say. An important day for a Leo day. So make the most of it.

LIBRA (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—You are in for a vacation and a vacation day. You are in for a vacation day. You are in for a vacation day.

SCORPIO (Oct. 23-Nov. 22)—Continue several interests today and you will find that the results are particularly new and interesting.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—He ready to make a quick change in your plans. The weatherman decides not to be too optimistic.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21-Jan. 20)—You should "act out" your feelings. If you have taken full advantage of opportunity, you have made good progress.

BORN today, you have a great deal of originality, but your emotions are so highly developed that they are apt to keep you in hot water unless you learn to hold them strictly under control. You are definitely a creature of moods, and unless you learn to understand them, and yourself in relation to them, you will subject yourself to more difficulty in life than you should have.

You are extremely versatile and can turn you hand to almost anything that is demanded of you. Be careful that this characteristic does not make you too much of a rolling stone, or a square peg in a round hole, in other words, a misfit. If you learn to concentrate on some one thing and become a specialist, then you can use that skill as a vocation, and devote your spare time to any number of hobbies.

The beautiful has great appeal for you, whether it be in nature or in art. You are fond of the outdoors and would probably do well in active, competitive sports. In fact, this would be one way of working off your moods when they appear to be getting out of control. It is amazing how much good some brisk exercise can do you. You have a strong love nature and will be happiest if you work early in life.

Among those born on this date were: Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the great President Abraham Lincoln; author; Richard Henry Dana, poet, dramatist, and Gaston Doumergue, one-time President of France.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 2

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Cultural and intellectual interests are in the foreground. Your profession or career should prosper accordingly.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—You may have a really spectacular idea today. Put it into effect at once to anticipate success.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—There are slightly mixed aspects today but you can manage to plan things about the way you want them.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Definite caution is indicated today. It would be best to postpone any important decision until later.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—There is an aspect which tends to cause accidents if you are in too much of a hurry. Take things "slow and easy."

CAPRICORN (Dec. 21-Jan. 20)—An excellent idea should formulate in your mind today. See that you put it into instant operation!

CROSSWORD

Across

1. Ho sent plotter—on a change for all those who are bored? (12)
7. This will bring you down the slope very quickly. (8)
8. You want an answer to this one. (6)
9. You have from here. (4)
12. Can it always hide a girl? (6)
13. There's a clue to board rest. (6)
14. Just the old time club for picture collectors. (6)
17. When you see this, the war is over. (6)
18. Trace the path of the sun. (6)
19. This is a high sphere. (6)

Down

1. He asked for a change for all those who are bored? (12)
7. This will bring you down the slope very quickly. (8)
8. You want an answer to this one. (6)
9. You have from here. (4)
12. Can it always hide a girl? (6)
13. There's a clue to board rest. (6)
14. Just the old time club for picture collectors. (6)
17. When you see this, the war is over. (6)
18. Trace the path of the sun. (6)
19. This is a high sphere. (6)

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Even Experts Can Make Some Boners

By OSWALD JACOBY

I HAVE shown so many well-played hands from the recent tournament for the Vanderbilt Cup that it is time to strike a balance. Today's hand demonstrates that even experts can play very badly.

Very few experts would agree with West's opening bid of four hearts. This might have been a wise choice if he had no outside strength, but most experts avoid an opening preemptive bid on a solid suit with a side ace for fear of missing a slam.

South wasn't very proud of his bid of four spades, but he felt compelled to take some sort of action if West had no defensive strength, as his opening bid tended to indicate. South had an excellent chance of finding a few helpful cards in the North hand.

East's penalty double was not unreasonable, but it is difficult to see why West passed either four spades or the double of four spades. Having made a bad pre-emptive bid to begin with, however, he was forced

NORTH 28			
♠ A 9	♥ 10 6	♦ 10 8	♣ K 10 7 3 2
WEST (D)			
♠ 8	♥ A K Q 8 7 5 3	♦ A 3	♣ A 5
SOUTH			
♠ A K Q 7 6 2	♥ 2	♦ 7 0 2	♣ A J 4
Both sides vul.			
West	North	East	South
Pass	Pass	Pass	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♥ K			

to guess at each subsequent turn to bid. This is, of course, an additional argument against making shut-out bids on such good hands.

West opened the king of hearts, winning the first trick. It was then obvious to him, of course, that a heart continuation could do no good.

West should have led the ace of diamonds instead to see what kind of signal he got from his partner. East would actually have played the encouraging nine of diamonds, and a diamond continuation would then defeat the contract. If East failed to play an encouraging diamond, West could shift to clubs in the hope that his partner had the ace of clubs and could give him a ruff.

When the hand was actually played, West led the eight of clubs at the second trick, without first trying to find out about the diamonds. Declarer played low from dummy, and all would still have been well if East had likewise played a low club. Instead, however, East got the curious impression that his partner was trickily understanding the ace of clubs. He therefore put up the queen of clubs and handed the doubled contract to South.

South won with the ace of clubs, drew trumps, and cheerfully ran off the rest of the clubs, making 11 tricks in all. When the hand was played at the other table, West made five hearts doubled, so that the total "swing" on the hand was 1,840 points.

CARD Sense

Q—With both sides vulnerable, the bidding has been: North East South West 1 Dmd. 1 Spade 2 Clubs 2 Spades 2 N.T. Pass?

You, South, hold: Spade 6, Heart 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, J, Q, K, Clubs A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, Ace.

A—Bid four clubs. Game at clubs should be just as easy as game at the diamonds, and it may be a good deal safer in view of the fact that you have a better chance of finding a few helpful cards in the North hand.

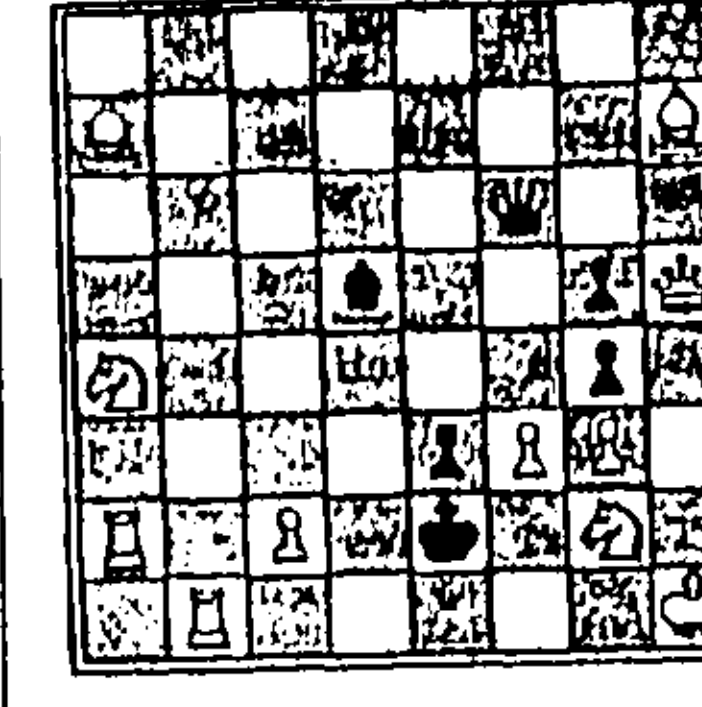
The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spade 6, Heart 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, J, Q, K, Clubs A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, Ace.

DUMB BELLS



CHESS PROBLEM

By J. A. SANCHO Black, 6 pieces.



White, 11 pieces.

Solution to yesterday's problem.

1. P-Q3; threat 2. Kt-B2. 1... Kt-K6, K16, 2. B-B8; 1... Kt-K2, 2. Kt-K13.

BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

LET someone mention the Continental Sunday in a newspaper, and at once the letters pour in. One would imagine that French provincial towns break out into a Dionysian frenzy every Sunday. Oh, the Bacchanalia in Clermont-Ferrand! One letter I have just read attributes the French defeat of 1940 to the Continental Sunday. And evidently many people are troubled by strange visions of English milk-bars, Popsiboola Cafeterias, and Hygienade Kiosks open all through Sunday and rhyding with the giggles of girls who are being lifted on to tables and teased in loud voices by men in tennis-clothes.

Little Bo-Pest
"DAD-DY, why are we trying to buy a body which we re-fuse to join our selves. The cas-cas are diff-er-ent. We have com-mit-ments outside Eur-ope."
"Dad-dy, is-n't la-do Chi-na outside Eur-ope—or does-n't it count as a com-mit-ment?"
"Go to sleep, Yeh, you un-der-stand these things."
Suet clarifies the coal muddle
CHARLIE SUET made an attempt yesterday to clear up the coal scandal. He said: "Anyone who orders, before dress-designer Raoul Kabbe."

English, three or four of the pilots were English and the rest were Canadians. Wild Canadians, the least tractable young officers he had ever seen, and most allergic to commanding officers. God knows what they would think when they heard that the new CO had no legs. Already unrest had affected the whole squadron. They needed someone pretty strong and active to discipline them.

The news of his arrival had reached the squadron. One of the pilots encountered Bernard West the squadron engineer officer, and said: Have you seen the new CO?

"No, I haven't," West was greatly interested and a little wary. "What's this one like?"

"Bit unusual," the pilot said cryptically. "He's got no legs."

"What a warrant officer of 20 years' service who had seen most things in the Air Force, groaned."

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NEXT WEDNESDAY
Bader's telegram causes a sensation.

DART WORDS

YOUR starting point today is APTITUDE and your goal is KINIF. You have to use all the words in the circle to reach your goal, arranging them so that the relationship between any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

1. The word may be an anagram of the word that precedes it.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be formed by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, the preceding word.
4. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or story.
5. It may form a well-known phrase, place, or thing in fact or fiction.
6. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or story.

(Solution on Page 20)



Concert Record

Fine Playing Of Vienna Octet

THE E flat major octet which Mendelssohn composed just before he was 17 is seldom heard or even mentioned these days, which adds to the pleasure of the fine playing which the Vienna Octet gives to it. It is almost unfamiliar music. These admirably adroit Viennese musicians have made a number of notable records, and this one is among the best (London). Four of them joined with Alfred Boskovec, a clarinetist with amazing tonal quality, for a deep-running performance of Brahms' B minor quintet (London).

Brahms' B major trio, composed in his youth and completely revised in his full maturity, is of unfailing, if unexciting, interest. A new recording of it by the Trio di Trieste is a carefully considered and cautiously unfolded performance, appropriate to the music (London).

Hugo Wolf's one quartet is on a record for the first time, played by the New Music Quartet. You can understand why it has taken so long. To musicians and connoisseurs it will be a conversation piece because of the composer, but most admirers of the songs will turn back at once to the songs. On the same record is the Italian Serenade. This and the quartet were Wolf's total output of

chamber music (Columbia).

Much more invigorating and interesting are the Parisian recordings of Mozart's quintet for piano, oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon and the Camazzone quartet for oboe, clarinet, horn and bassoon attributed to him; and also of two Bach trios—for flute, violin, and clavier and flute, oboe and clavier—and two duos, one for flute and clavier, the other for violin and clavier (L'Oiseau-Lyre).

The Mozart was performed by members of the French Wind Quintet, and Robert Verzon, a Lacroix, piano; the Bach, by the well-known Collegium Pro-Arte. Both composers would have been forgotten long ago and if these pieces were representative of their best work, they are all more or less hovel to the listener who also senses that the musicians were enjoying themselves.

The year 1956 will be the 200th anniversary year of the birth of Mozart. Already the first Mozart "jubilee year" record is at hand—the two flute concertos (K. 313 and 314), played by Hubert Barwahshier and the Vienna Symphony. They're nicely played (Epic).

—DELOS SMITH

Reach For The Sky

(Continued from Page 8)

English, three or four of the pilots were English and the rest were Canadians. Wild Canadians, the least tractable young officers he had ever seen, and most allergic to commanding officers. God knows what they would think when they heard that the new CO had no legs. Already unrest had affected the whole squadron. They needed someone pretty strong and active to discipline them.

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CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1954.

Sheaffers
"SNORKEL"

JOHN CLARKE'S
CASEBOOK

Sorry, Engaged

NO group of girls or women in the land preserve so well the mystery that properly belongs to womanhood, as those who work on telephone switchboards. Beautiful they may be, and doubtless are—to judge from the caressing, silken voices.

But try, with a compliment, to by-pass your place in the queue of incoming calls to a top executive much in demand, and see how far your blandishments get you. The voice remains silken, caressing—but you might as well try to wheedle a favour out of TOI, or TRU.

The girls who possess the voices for purely girlhood is personal in the business) remain unknown; or have a thousand shapes, fashioned by the imagination of those who often hear but never see them.

COOL AND GENTLE
A mild flutter of interest went round Dow Street court the other morning, there, when a girl named Janet, from the dock, in a voice that was cool and gentle, that she was by occupation a switchboard operator in a big West End firm.

Janet was fair-haired and delicately featured, pale in complexion and 17 years old. Late the night before she had been lighting another girl's tooth-and-claw, in the middle of Pleadably Circus. Now she pleaded guilty to using insulting behaviour.

Mr. Bertram Reece, the magistrate, heard the details, heard that she was in her detention, was known about Janet, and sent her away to talk to the probation officer, Miss Hamilton, who later in the morning brought her back in the witness-box. "This," she said, "left home last November to live in London. She does work, as she says, as a switchboard operator, and she shares a flat in Earl's Court with another girl."

"Her parents have no idea that she is out last night in the West End, and they don't, of course, know of her appearance here, though a year ago, when Janet was a juvenile, her father took her to the juvenile court as being beyond control."

"He withdrew that charge, however, a week later. Now Janet tells me she is engaged to an American, whom she hopes to marry in September. The quarrel last night was over this man, I gather."

"Do her parents know of her impending marriage to the American gentleman?" the magistrate inquired.

UNSATISFACTORY
"She says so, but I've only a surmise for it," said Miss Hamilton. "It seems very unsatisfactory that she should be hanging around Pleadably Circus so late at night."

"The whole situation is rather unsatisfactory," Miss Hamilton agreed. The magistrate asked Janet what she wanted to say.

"I'm sorry for what happened," Janet answered, in a sorry-you've-been-troubled sort of voice.

"Well, if you're engaged to this American gentleman, you will find Pleadably Circus a very unprofitable place to hang about in," said the magistrate.

REMINDERS
"PLEASE, sir, I'd only just come out of the pictures," Janet said. "Well, your parents will have had to be told," said the magistrate. "You will be remanded on bail while Miss Hamilton finds out the true position."

"Thank you, sir," said Janet, and she slipped away. Back to the comforting anonymity of the switchboard, where every so often she would be reminded of the unpleasantness of the night before. "Sorry, he's engaged," she would have to say, from time to time. "Sorry, he's engaged." It was saying that of her man that had caused all the trouble.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION
ACROSS: 1. Went. 2. Spider. 3. Money. 4. Mink. 5. Wink. 6. Tip. 7. Hole. 8. Corner. 9. Crown. 10. Mutton. 11. Sheep. 12. Sheep. 13. Sheep. 14. Sheep. 15. Sheep. 16. Sheep. 17. Sheep. 18. Sheep. 19. Sheep. 20. Sheep. 21. Sheep. 22. Sheep. 23. Sheep. 24. Sheep. 25. Sheep. 26. Sheep. 27. Sheep. 28. Sheep. 29. Sheep. 30. Sheep. 31. Sheep. 32. Sheep. 33. Sheep. 34. Sheep. 35. Sheep. 36. Sheep. 37. Sheep. 38. Sheep. 39. Sheep. 40. Sheep. 41. Sheep. 42. Sheep. 43. Sheep. 44. Sheep. 45. Sheep. 46. Sheep. 47. Sheep. 48. Sheep. 49. Sheep. 50. Sheep. 51. Sheep. 52. Sheep. 53. Sheep. 54. Sheep. 55. Sheep. 56. Sheep. 57. Sheep. 58. Sheep. 59. Sheep. 60. Sheep. 61. Sheep. 62. Sheep. 63. Sheep. 64. Sheep. 65. Sheep. 66. Sheep. 67. Sheep. 68. Sheep. 69. Sheep. 70. Sheep. 71. Sheep. 72. Sheep. 73. Sheep. 74. Sheep. 75. Sheep. 76. Sheep. 77. Sheep. 78. Sheep. 79. Sheep. 80. Sheep. 81. Sheep. 82. Sheep. 83. Sheep. 84. Sheep. 85. Sheep. 86. Sheep. 87. Sheep. 88. Sheep. 89. Sheep. 90. Sheep. 91. 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